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JOINT MEMORIAL NUMBER

Joseph CLARK

CONGO PIONEER, MISSIONARY

Born in Scotland
July 1, 1856
Arrived in Congo
April 22, 1880
Died in Congo
March 8, 1930

Congo News Letter

Vol. XXI | JULY 1930 | No 3.

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The **CONGO MISSION NEWS** makes grateful acknowledgement to the *Congo News Letter* for most of the memorial material which appears herein concerning the life and work of the late Joseph Clark.

Especial mention should be made of the services of Mr. and Mrs H. D. Brown, Ntondo colleagues of Mr. Clark, in transcribing several of the « Sketches » appearing in this number, and to the Rev. L. O. Hooks of Sona Bata, editor of the *Congo News Letter* for collecting the material.

Madame et M. le Pasteur Henri Anet ont la douleur de faire savoir à leurs amis missionnaires que Dieu a repris à Lui leur père et beau-père, Monsieur Samuel Rogivue, décédé le 24 septembre 1930, à l'âge de quatre-vingt-un ans.

Congo Mission News

JULY 1930 — No 71

Editor: Emory Ross, Conseil protestant du Congo
Léopoldville, Congo Belge
Airica

Congo News Letter

Vol. XXI - JULY 1930 - No 3

Published by the Missionaries of the American
Baptist Foreign Mission Society
Sona Bata, Congo Belge, Africa

JOSEPH CLARK

Born in Scotland, naturalized in America, close missionary colleague of Belgians, Swedes, Danes and Norwegians ; pioneer of the pioneer British Livingstone Inland Mission, charter worker of the Congo mission of the American Baptist Missionary Union which continued the L.I.M., and of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society which continued the A.B.M.U. ; president of the Congo General Conference of Protestant Missionaries and of the Council Protestant du Congo and honored life member of the latter ; treasurer and transport man of his mission in those heroic days when « transport » meant weeks on the sun-baked rocks of the deadly caravan trail around the mighty cataracts of the lower Congo ; co-selector of the site of Congo's greatest port, Matadi ; founder of stations there and in the far interior, in the equatorial forest among the fierce cannibals of distant Lake Mantomba ; witty, sparkling and in deadly earnest ; teller of tales that made you laugh and of stories that pulled irresistably your treasure and your very sons and daughters into God's Congo work ; business man, linguist, *raconteur,* teacher, evangelist and peerless ambassador of Jesus Christ ; gentle as a woman and fearless battler on behalf of oppressed peoples ; boon companion but forever unobtrusively drawing others toward Christ by the very winsomeness of his Christian character ; burying himself in quiet solid work in his forest station but sought out for decoration as *Chevalier de l'Ordre Royal du Lion* by King Albert of the Belgians ; the first man from without Africa and of any calling to accomplish fifty years of life and labor in Congo : that, partly but partly only, was Joseph Clark.

Words fail us, as he admitted they did him, to express what ought to be said about Elizabeth Ann Milne Clark who for a full forty-six years shared completely his every Congo experience. Mr. Metzger's tribute to her is no idle word : « ...the most courageous woman I have ever met. »

Complete mistress of her soul during the last anxious months of his increasing feebleness as she had been all her life, her Christian fortitude and faith shone never so sturdily as at and after the earthly departure of her life's companion on their very way home together for a last short time of well-earned rest.

With him gone on ahead but with an ineffable memory left of their joyous life and glorious service together, she has sailed away from the Congo that has been hers since 1884 to enter the waiting homes of her sons and daughters in Britain and America. The affections and prayers in divers tongues of thousands of Congo friends follow her.

JOSEPH CLARK : A Christian

(Extracts from address delivered at Memorial Service at Baptist Missionary Society's chapel, Léopoldville, Congo Belge, Sunday, March 16, 1930.)

By the Rev. Emory Ross.

On the first day of July 1856, in Aberdeen, Scotland, a wee Scotch baby was born. On March 8, 1930, at Bolenge on the banks of the Congo and precisely on the equator, the beloved man that baby had become passed on to his Eternal Home. The 73 years 8 months and 8 days that spanned those two dates framed the heroic and inspiring panorama of life and service for God and fellowmen which we are met to contemplate today.

Joseph Clark was a typical Christian Scot, and that is to say he was numbered among earth's finest. Reverent, tenacious, acquisitive, friendly, witty, tender, deep, humorous, generous, affectionate, faithful, unselfish, godly, are a few of the fitting adjectives that stream through the mind as one thinks of him and of his unique life.

And unique his life was, really unique. There have been other missionaries in Congo, and a small handful of them entered this then unknown and deadly land before Mr. Clark. One such, and only one, remains happily with us yet to-day, for 22 years in well-earned retirement : the Rev. Henry Edmund Crudgington, of Bath, England, who came to Congo with the first Baptist Missionary Society party in 1879, labored here until 1885, transferred then for health reasons to India, and retired in 1908. But Joseph Clark was the first and only man of non-African race and of any calling who accomplished 50 years of continuous Congo service with only ordinary, and some of them long-spaced, furloughs intervening. He first saw Congo in 1880 and he closed his bright and kindly eyes there in 1930, and a half a century was done. In all the rest of tropical Africa you may count upon the fingers of yours hands — perhaps upon the fingers of one hand — all those from without Africa who have done a similar span. But in Congo, in what was once known as the conventional basin of the Congo, you will find I believe not another one, whether missionary or not. Joseph Clark was the only one. He was alone. He was unique.

It was not by chance, I take it, that this never-equalled length of service came about. Joseph Clark grew within himself qualities of heart and mind and body which, under the providence of God, contributed to this end. Physically, he was endowed well, but not better than many another. Spiritually, he had the unfaltering faith and trust that is so essential to a calm and balanced life, and so usual in a long life ; but many another had the like. It was more through his mental outlook on life. I believe, that he and his God together were able to effect the combination that gave to him so long an opportunity for service and to his host of friends, black and white, so extended and blessed an earthly relationship with him.

The word that fits him best on this side of his character slips almost involuntarily off my tongue : « irrepressible ». He was just that. He was irrepressible. Discouragement (or what to other people would have been discouragement), criticism, long-delayed results of faithful work, disappointment, ill-health, ill-fortune, sorrow : these things inevitably pressed upon him, but just as certainly his buoyant spirit broke through on the other side and showed serenely to all beholders. He never lost perspective — oh, how hard it is to keep that elusive thing sometimes ! — and his arteries were never corroded by bitterness. The sweet-running pumping station that was his warm heart refused to flood his system with anything but limpid belief in fellowman and the clear and creamy milk of human kindness. His whole interior circulation was life-giving and

strengthening. Rancor and envy and fretting and worry, hatred and grudges and revenge and jealousy never got an entrance into his reservoir of good-will. The turgid waters of hate were forever turned aside, and of the sediment of suspicion there was never a trace. I am convinced that a bacteriological analysis of his inner life stream, could such have been possible, would have shown a content of righteousness and an absence of sinfulness such as it is given but few men to possess. Joseph Clark was a *Christian*. His inner life was Christian. His outer life was Christian. And the whole impact of his life and memory is Christian, truly Christian. For me, I can say nothing finer.

True to reputed Scotch nature, his first training was in gathering in money! He was a customs house officer — and not one who sat in a chair and wrote down what was brought to him, either ! He was one of those who went out to get it. And where, one asks, is that supposed to be harder than at Aberdeen ? It was a stiff training...

Well do I recall a dozen little incidents he related to me from time to time of his experiences in « going out to get it ». And every incident had a humorous glow. Many of them I would wager had extremely little humor about them when they occurred, but when touched by the tongue of Joseph Clark it must needs have been a very black and flinty incident indeed that was not lightened and softened by his quiet humor. His humor, like he man, was irrepressible. Up to the very portals of death — that dread death which is so fearful to so many — up to the very portals of that death he moved a week ago yesterday afternoon with the sparkle undiminished in his eye and the little joke unfailing upon his already-slowing lips, in habitually thoughtful effort to relieve by his gentle sallies the strain of his sinking upon others. He was indomitable. He was what Christ can make of a man who gives himself and all that he is into those tender and omnipotent Hands.

The story written in 1890 of his appointment a decade before as a Congo missionary, refers to him as « Mr. Clark, of Aberdeen, who had had considerable experience as a customs-house officer and in other ways before pursuing a course of study in the Institute, and who had subsequently acquired various handicrafts, fitting him to be useful in the mission either with head or hands as requisite ».

He was still acquiring : handicrafts this time, and a missionary institute's course of study, the better to enable him to serve God with head or hand as might be required.

There are strange ways of serving God ;
You sweep a room or turn a sod,
And suddenly, to your suprise,
You hear the whirr of seraphim,
And find you're under God's own eyes
And building palaces for Him.

Hermon Hagedorn.

The April 1880 issue of his mission's journal, « Regions Beyond », tells of the farewell meeting in London toward the end of February of that year to bid god-speed to Mr. Clark and his four fellow-missionaries. This contemporary account says, italics and all :

« Mr. Clark, one of the three *Scotch* members of the expedition, had been acquiring for some months, by way of special preparation, several handicrafts. He mentioned in one of the meetings that among other arts he had studied dressmaking, remembering that the pupils of his future school would likely be naked ! And he added that, having learned to *use* the sewing machine, he should like to know that the expedition *possessed* one. This want was most kindly supplied by a lady present. Several other gifts, not of money but of money's worth, were sent. One or two manufacturers sent some of their goods ; and His Majesty the King of the Belgians and the Royal Geographical Society each made a grant of scientific instruments and apparatus. »

I only discovered this passage a few weeks ago and I marked it and placed it close at hand in great glee to use this month when the Clarks should be our guests for the last time in Congo on their way home, and a few friends should be in over a cozy cup of tea which he liked so well. How he

would have chuckled over this probably long-forgotten incident — the first recorded instance of that wonderful ability to acquire things for the work of the mission which was to earn him such a reputation later among his colleagues and his wide circle of friends at home, and which was to form the kernel of so many jokes at his expense among his loving intimates.

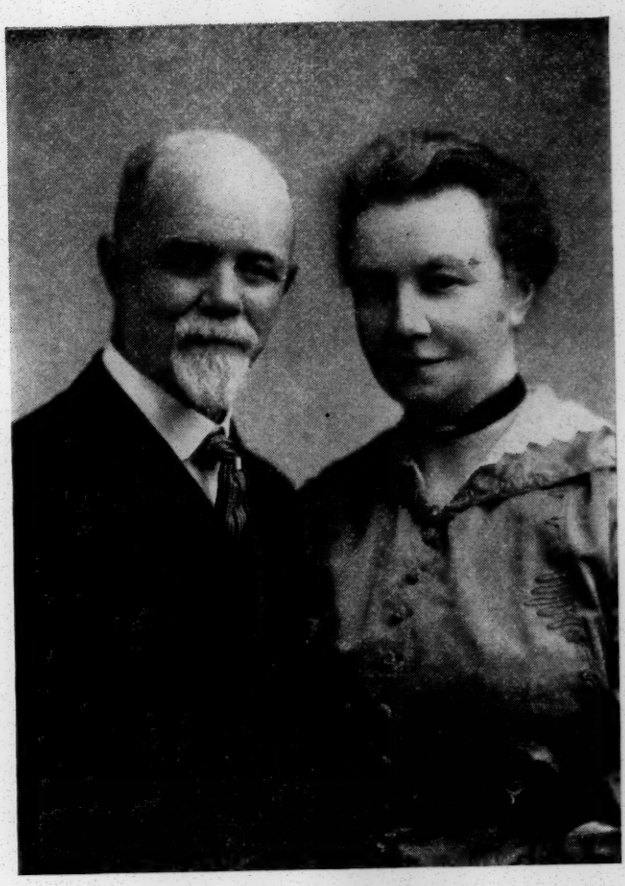
I cannot use it so now, and the sense of loss grows within me as I realize I cannot. But I can share it with you many friends of his here today as one of the little testimonies to the fact that he used *all* his abilities to further the work of God in which he was engaged. Money, equipment, tools for his task : every furlough saw fresh acquisitions and the mails brought others when he was again bach in Congo. He had unusual power in getting people to give not to him for him, but to him for his work. Rarely did he make a request direct. Usually, as at this first London meeting, it was the power of suggestion and the witty association of ideas, together with his evident selfless devotion, that got him what he considered he needed for the work in hand.

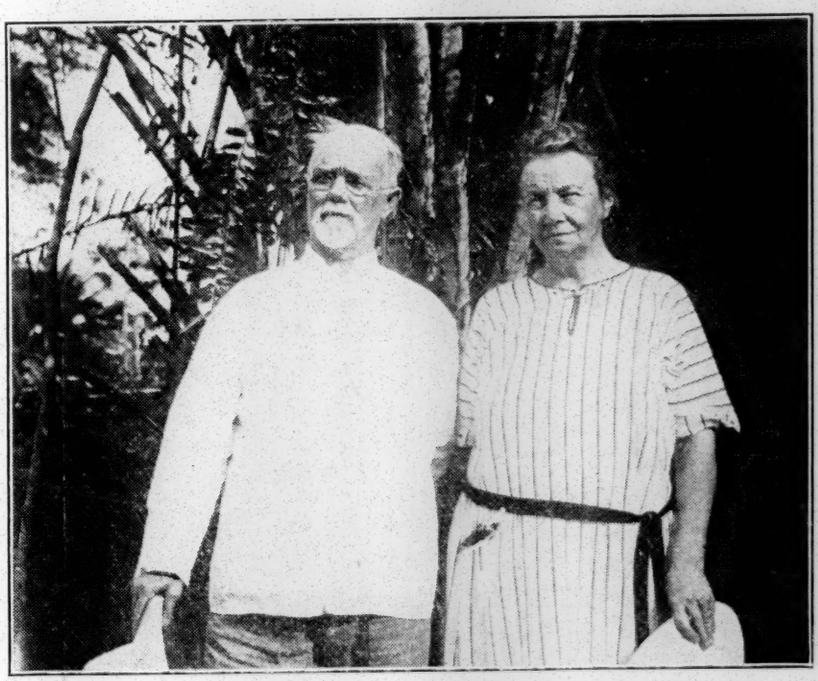
The early party of which he was a member sailed from Liverpool on a little steamer, the *Vanguard,* destined for the West African Coast trade, almost exactly 50 years ago today. It was a famous trip, taking a bare six weeks, whereas a party of three just before them had been 104 days upon the voyage — which now is done in 17 days by sea and in six days by air. Besides, the Vanguard specially for them had called at Teneriffe and taken on 3 donkeys, and put in at Freetown and shipped 25 Kru boys. They all considered they had a most auspicious beginning, after such a voyage. I have copy of a letter from Mr. Charles Harvey, one of the party and later Mr. Clark's brother-in-law, in which he tells how Mr. Clark soon after leaving Teneriffe had been the first to sight the African shore line, even before the ship's lookout aloft. And on the margin of this copy of the letter, in red pencil, Mr. Clark has made his little explanation and had his little joke. He scribbled : « The captain had promised a bottle of whiskey to the one first seeing land. Being Scotch, I naturally got ahead of the others. Being teetotaller, I did not profit by my good sight. »

On April 22, 1880, the boat dropped anchor at the mouth of the Congo river, in Banana creek, opposite the French house, and nine days later some of the goods started by paddle and sail on their slow hot way up to Boma in a little schooner misnamed Minerva. Joseph Clark was alone in charge, with the Kru boys and the goods and the heat...

Had his plans of the past few weeks carried through, he would have waved his final farewell to Banana from the deck of the new, palatial, twin-screw *Leopoldville* outward bound for Europe on April 27, 1930, 50 years precisely from the day he had been loading there the little *Minerva* with his Kru boys and the goods, to start, a young man of 24, slow inch by slow inch inward from Banana and up the lapping waters of the Congo toward the heart of the mysterious continent.

Had I the time and skill and you the time and will, we might go on for hours step by step with this intrepid young missionary as he hews out his section of the then impenetrable Africa for the erection of the Church of Jesus Christ, for building his palaces for God. Never is there a record of his faltering. Men and women of his own group, the Livingstone Inland Mission, and of his sister mission, the Baptist Missionary Society of Britain, sickened and died everywhere about him. The toll was terrible. More terrible in that the causes of the diseases were then vague and the means of fighting them vaguer still. When illness came they were, by modern standards, practically helpless. African fever was a name that covered nobody knows how many types of illness, and that brought the insidious terror of the unknown into the heart of the fevered patient. Through it all and through dangers from man and beast Joseph Clark moved, his well-set, well-shaped head erect, and his eyes ever bright and cheery.





Rev. & Mrs. Joseph CLARK
(A. B. F. M. S.)
Congo Belge

APRIL 1880

42. THURSDAY, 22 [113—253] Reached Banana to-day about a quarter to one p.m. Found Combes & a companion both of the "Baptist Missionary Society" but none of our party Mr McKeegow & Mrs & Mrs Johnston arrived safely some time ago and are up the river a few miles.

(42 days since we came on board this ship)

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son & Holy Ghost.

Most of our goods landed before dark

Lord since Thou hast been so faithful to us help us to be faithful to Thee. Let us love Thee more & more, - Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er. Bind us to Thee Lord with the bonds of love as with the bands of a man — and let us never stray from thy paths aside.

43 FRIDAY, 23 [114—252] Commenced early to complete the discharge of our goods donkeys &c. Finished shortly after breakfast. The "Vanguard" sailed early in the afternoon. Spent this night under canvas, and got considerably bitten by mosquitos

Truly the Lord has blessed us greatly - May we be faithful to Him.

Page of Rev. Joseph Clark's diary on the day of his first arrival in Congo.
Page de l'agenda de M. le Rév. Joseph Clark au jour de sa première arrivée au Congo.

In 1884 Mr. Clark was at home on furlough, and in November of that year he brought back to Congo with him a bride. And that brings us to the most humanly happy part of the life we are today contemplating. For 46 years that bride, long since grown into a saintly mother and the most faithful of wives, has been at the side of Joseph Clark. For 46 years she has labored in Congo — longer we believe, except for her husband, than any other person of non-African race. No lovelier home in Congo than that which she helped him build ! I believe no fortunate husband ever had more faithful companionship or loving ministrations than Mrs. Clark showered upon him. In late years the stronger of the two, she has been a veritable tower. To see them together was one of the loveliest sights our eyes could behold. To hear them together was to be filled with an inner and inexpressible joy and wonder that two mortals could have gone one with the other through all they did and still be the perfect and joyous couple they where. Often have I remarked to them and to others that I wished every new couple coming to Congo could first go spend a fortnight in the home and atmosphere they had together builded.

Their work had them first at Matadi, at Palabala and elsewhere on the lower Congo, and not a little on the heroic caravan trail between Matadi and Stanley Pool where Mr. Clark at times was supervising the transport and the business affairs of the mission. Their original organization, the Livingstone Inland Mission, was taken over by the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and the Clarks adopted the nationality of their new supporters. One of the most signal pieces of work Mr. Clark ever did was to go with one or two others, Dr. A. Sims of revered memory among them, to America and to effect the liaison between the new constituency in America and the almost wholly British personnel of the mission on the field. In America audiences were powerfully swayed by this earnest, sparkling little Scot who had stepped out of the heart of Africa to call them to their duty and their privilege of a share in the evangelization of that mighty continent.

Two babies were born to them in Congo in those early years, and an unique distinction rested upon each. Stephanie, the eldest, born at Palabala 29 March, 1885, was the first white child registered upon the records at Boma and she received her name at the suggestion of Sir Francis de Winton, then the head of the new-born government, that she should bear the same name as that of the daughter of Leopold II of Belgium. As for Gilbert, born in 1886, it was to him that the first official birth certificate was issued. Illinois, an attractive surburban town near Stephanie, Mrs. Robert C. Meleney, lives with her charming family at Winnetka, Chicago, in a home that was yearning to receive her father and mother at the end of their Congo service. Five other children were born : of the seven, four are living : two in Britain and two in America.

The mission's need for pioneers came on again, and Mr. and Mrs Clark were asked to undertake the very difficult work of opening new work in the far interior, and they willingly moved on up under the equator where most of the rest of their Congo labor was expended. They founded the station at Ikoko, on Lake Tumba, and then a decade or so ago they had the joy of unhurriedly building another station across the lake to replace the old one. Their new post, Tondo, grew under their hands and those of their colleagues to be one of the most if not the most beautiful mission station in all Congo.

Mr. Clark's interest was never confined and circumscribed. He was alive and active in every good work for the on-going of the Kingdom of God. So it was to be expected that his fellow-missionaries would many times turn to him for the counsel and leadership that his ability and interest and experience made so valuable. He was for a number of years president of the Congo General Conference of Protestant Missionaries and of the Congo Protestant Council, and was at his death one of the little group of highly-honored life members of that

organization. He was known in other missions in person and by correspondence almost as well as in his own, and in the colonial world of government and commerce in Congo his name was possibly more familiar than that of any other Protestant missionary. He and Mrs. Clark felt themselves to be highly honored four or five years ago when His Majesty, King Albert of Belgium, conferred upon them the distinctive order that he did in recognition of their long and fruitful service for the good and well-being of Congo Belge and its peoples.

This is not the moment when an adequate estimate is to be made of the great spiritual content of the life and work of Joseph Clark. It is to be hoped that his society will arrange without delay for the preparation in permanent form of the record of his work and all that has so splendidly entered into it. That will be a great record.

On the 28th February last the steamer *Oregon* of the Disciples of Christ Congo mission went in from Bolenge to Tondo to bring Mr. and Mrs. Clark out on their way home to Britain and America at the end of their epoch-making service. Three ladies from Bolenge made the trip and two ladies from Tondo accompanied them back, so it was within a group of loving and solicitous friends that they began their final journey home. Mr. Clark was not so well on the way over : had the strain of the final farewell at Tondo operated to slow still further that staunch heart? At Bolenge he was in a faint, but rallied splendidly with a smile upon his lips. On Saturday morning, March 8, they thought he was remaking lost ground so well that they wired me asking to have reservations made on a steamer then coming down river. That afternoon he was lying back in a deck chair resting quietly, when without commotion, without pain, without struggle, without a word, but with a last long look of love and cheer and victory at the cherished companion who had shared his half-century of Congo with him and who, fittingly, was alone with him at that moment, he moved out and upward from that great and appealing continent that had absorbed and benefitted from his life and devotion for two score years and ten.

At Bolenge on the afternoon of Sunday, March 9, surrounded as ever by loving friends and in the presence of the Belgian governor of the Equator Province and other high official and commercial personalities, his body was committed to the earth which for 50 years had held his heart. Fittingly, all three missions were represented which had had historical succession to his original Livingstone Inland Mission : The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society which had taken over the work of the L.I.M. ; the Congo Balolo mission which had grown directly out of the L.I.M. ; and the Disciples of Christ Congo mission which had taken over Bolenge, once the farthest outpost of the L.I.M. and the A.B.F.M.S. The last friends to bear him up were two misssionaries, one of the the C.B.M. and one of the D.C.C.M. ; two former L.I.M. « boys », now active and honored elders in the Bolenge church ; and two Native friends from Tondo.

Upon the very line of the equator and a scant hundred paces from the silent-flowing Congo, under the lofty palms and beside the towered church which epitomises the whole object and passion of his labors, rests indeed the earthly form of our friend. But within our hearts and within those of countless legions of African men and women who called him reverently father and affectionately « Pebe », his spirit enshrined and cherished has an abiding place warmed by a respect and an affection that time cannot diminish. His life was an inspiration, his labor a challenge and his passing calls us to even greater consecration and adventure in our common and supreme task of building palaces for God in the lives and hearts of the Congolese.

„ LAID IN IRON "

The Story of Joseph Clark

By Dr. P. H. J. Lerrigo, Home Secretary of the A.B.F.M.S.,in « Missions »

Kings, cannibals and Congo ! It is safe to say that no growing lad fails to let his thoughts linger on them. Doubtless Joseph Clark, ten year old chore boy on a Scotch farm, did so. It is improbable, however, that he harbored serious expectation as he churned the butter or drove home the cows from the pasture that some day his life would be mixed up with all three. But the eternal miracle of infinite expansion in Christian personality was wrought in him and many people in four different lands, Britain, Belgium, Congo and America, have learned to bless him for what he was and what he did.

Joseph Clark served a hard apprenticeship to world service. It might be said of him, as was said of another Joseph, « he was laid in iron ». His father was a factory laborer. Before the age of eleven he drudged on a frugal Scotch farm. At twelve he was a factory lad, became wages clerk and paymaster. His restless spirit urged him upward and he undertook night class work. His schedule required him to begin work at six a.m. After ten at night he would tramp home from his classes over five miles of rough snow-covered road. Competitive examinations finally made a customs officer of him, but the task was not good enough and he tackled the grilling Free Church workers' classes in Greek, Latin and theology which finally led him to missionary service.

Congo had burst upon the world in the meantime. What E. W. Smith calls « the modern scramble which has resulted in parcelling out almost the entire continent (of Africa) among the powers of Europe » was about to begin. Livingstone had kept his tryst with Christ upon his knees in Chitambo's village a few years before. Stanley, gaunt and worn from a journey of a thousand days save one, had reached Boma in 1877 at the mouth of the Congo river, having circumnavigated Lake Tanganyika and revealed the secrets of Africa's interior. They were tense and excited months which Clark spent in the London Missionary Training School founded by Dr. Guinness preparing to make for the very spot in Congo where Stanley emerged. Early in 1880 he was there, beginning the fifty years of service which have just terminated on his death March 8, 1930.

Joseph Clark was an explorer, a pioneer, a winner of tribes and a planter of churches. One observes at Matadi (the place of rocks) the overhanging granite slab beneath which his tent was first pitched. From this point he and his fellows of the early days reached onward and inward. The chief at Mpalabala welcomed them. This was the first step, but years later Clark had passed beyond the Kikongo area and opened work among the Bobangi at Irebu and finally with the cannibal Lontomba at Ikoko and Ntondo. The half century of Clark's service spans the whole period of Christian work in Congo. The little group of missionary pioneers has expanded until it includes more than 500 men and women representing 25 missionary societies of all denominations. The infant church at Mpalabala was the forerunner of hundreds of evangelical churches in all parts of Congo. The first convert was followed by a host which now numbers more than a hundred thousand living church members. In the Jubilee gathering at Leopoldville in September, 1928, the representatives of all the missions rose to do honor to the veteran who had already given nearly 50 years to the service of Christ in Congo and to his devoted wife whose experience was only a few years shorter.

There were few phases of missionary experience which Joseph Clark failed to

share. He was a builder. Nothing could quite equal the quizzical satisfaction with which he used to tell of his first efforts at house building and the necessity the family was under of putting out the lights while retiring owing to the innumerable cracks and crevices in the walls left by the drying of the green palm leaves and bamboos from which they were built. He was an agriculturalist and gardens and fruit trees mark the several sites where he carried on work. He was a preacher, of course, and had learned the pungent simplicity of native Congo oratory. God blessed his work and thousands were brought to Christ through his word. He was a linguist and Bible translator, the first white man to take up the Lontomba language in which he leaves the Gospels, the Acts and the Epistles of James and John. One of Africa's greatest curses is the great number of its languages. To have conquered one of them is an achievement. Clark spoke at least three.

Joseph Clark, though born a Scot, was an American citizen. The exigencies of the Congo work made him one. In 1884 Grattan Guinness had reached the place where he realized that the evangelization of Congo was a bigger task than could be accomplished by British Baptists alone. The Livingstone Inland Mission, which he had started, was a burden too heavy for him to carry. He appealed to his friend, Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston, and the negotiations began which resulted in the mission being adopted by the American Baptist Missionary Union. Clark was adopted with it and in turn adopted America as his foster parent.

It was a good day for American Baptists when Joseph Clark came into their fellowship. He brought a great Christian heart, a vivid story telling ability, a Christian experience of mighty power and a simple faith which challenged all who met him to join in the Christian crusade of world evangelization. Children, large and small, loved Clark, probably because he loved them. His smiling, whimsical manner with them endeared him at once. The writer is well acquainted with two little girls whom he dubbed « Pinkie » and « Bluey » (the color of their dresses). They will always associate Christian missions with their old Congo friend ; and the aspect he has placed upon the world task for them is smiling, kindly, constructive and Christlike. If American Baptists will look at Africa through Clark's eyes they will see a great new waiting continent the winning of which for Christ is a zestful, joyous crusade, barely begun and to be pursued with increasing determination to complete success.

Kings have taken a hand in Congo's destiny. Since Joseph Clark entered the great savage land, Leopold II of Belgium, who was said to be « the most astute business man in Europe » took it under his wing. The Brussels Conference called in 1874 led to the forming of an International African Association, and in line with its ideals and charter Stanley began the organization of a Congo Independent State. The famous conference of Berlin in 1884 established the Congo Free State under the trusteeship of King Leopold, who seemed to confound the idea of trusteeship with personal ownership and permitted or encouraged one of the most terrible exploitations of native populations ever witnessed. Outraged Christendom finally forced a change of the situation and Congo became a crown colony of Belgium in 1908. King Albert's government has taken high ground in respect to the treatment of the Congo people, and in recent years no colony in Africa has taken such active steps to control labor demands even though it should be at the expense of retarding the task of colonization.

Joseph Clark consorted with kings. The chiefs or kings of Congo tribes sat at meat with him and were his companions. During the darkest days of the rubber atrocities he was the champion of these kings of the forest against their exploiters from over the sea.

A clearer understanding of the achievements of evangelical missions has been gained by government authorities as the years have sped and King Albert gives their

work warm approval. A little piece of colored ribbon which Joseph Clark was entitled to wear meant much in Belgium. It signified that King Albert had decorated him as a *Chevalier de l'ordre du Lion*. Such a decoration is not to be despised even by a staunch democratic American for it signifies a genuine appreciation in high quarters of worth while work well done.

But Joseph Clark has gone home. He passed away at Bolenge station of the Disciples Mission on the Congo River March 8th, 1930, not very far from his own beloved Lac Ntumba and Ntondo station. Our hearts are sad because we shall miss him, but we do not mourn. After rounding out 50 years of service in one of the wildest fields of the world it was a right royal way to go home. He has gone to be decorated with a finer order by a greater King.

JOSEPH CLARK : Pioneer, Missionary, Father

By the Rev. Paul C. Metzger, A.B.F.M.S.

Since the glorification of Mr. Clark none of the six pioneers of the Livingstone Inland Mission who had long years of Congo service is left to us. Giving their in names the order of their translation, they are Mr. Billington, Mr. Harvey, Dr. Sims, Mr. Richards, Mr. Frederickson, and Mr. Clark. Of their wives three are with us, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Frederickson, and Mrs. Clark; but they came to Congo later and did not serve, at least not for long, under the Livingstone Inland Mission. What a benediction to have known these old saints ; how jovial, how human they were but withal, how true and devout. What a pity the stories of their lives have not been recorded. They have had experiences of God's providence and watchcare ; they have shown fortitude in trial and perseverance when all was dark that have been the equal of anything in the annals of missionary history. Could not some one write the Acts in Congo ?

I will never forget my first meeting with Mr. Clark. Mrs Metzger and I were lonely missionary passengers on the Sw. Brabant, a Congo River boat. We were cooped up for seven days with thirty-seven young military officers and one priest. Food was bad and there was no sanitation. Would Mr. Clark be at Irebu, the river port thirty-five miles from Ikoko, his station ? Were we to be dumped down in this jungle without camp equipment or any where to go ? As we approached the beach we looked anxiously but could not see him. Mrs. Metzger had heard him speak in America and I had seen his picture. Then a gentleman raised his big helmet and we recognized him with great joy. On the beach Mrs. Metzger told him that she recognized him by his hair. He lifted his helmet, put down his head and asked, « Which one ? » He was bald. Always humorous, jovial, optimistic, that was Mr. Clark. He was no long faced missionary, but withal he had a seriousness and a devotion most beautiful ; coupled with it was a love for the people whom he had come to serve.

Mr. Clark the Pioneer.

Mr. Clark was born near Aberdeen, Scotland, on July 1, 1856. He was brought up under those strong Christian and missionary influences prevailing in Scotland in those days. He was educated in the public schools and night classes. As a youth he worked in the paper manufacturing business along with his life-long friend, Mr. Wildridge. Had he remained in the business he would have undoubtedly made a business and financial success, as did his friend. Because of threatening lung trouble, he gave up his confining position and entered the custom house service. Hence at the port of Aberdeen, on its boats and ships, he prepared for Congo's rivers and lakes.

The call of Livingstone and Stanley, yes, the call of Christ to Africa gripped him, so he went to Harley House, London, for preparation. Stanley's exit from the mouth of the Congo, August 1877, had stirred the world and Joseph Clark with it. From Harley he was appointed in the fall of 1879, and sailed in 1880. His companion was Mr. Harvey.

After six weeks voyage along the coast they were landed at the sandy point of Banana at the mouth of the Congo. There at the ancient Dutch trading post the mission had its base for operation up country. Mr. Clark was to assist Mr. McCall, the leader of the pioneer work in opening up the country. There were donkeys and Kru boys with many vicissitudes, but they were soon off up country. The great rush in those days was for the upper navigable river above the cataracts where the country was densely populated.

Mr. Clark was with one of the first parties which pushed through this cataract region to reach Stanley Pool. His party came to Kinshasa and Kintambo before any government was established there. He and Mr. McCall chose the site of the present city of of Matadi on the south Bank of the Congo. The overhanging ledge of rock, almost a cave, in which they slept the first night is still visible. They bought the beach and the entire hillside from the Palabala chief and commenced constructing our base. To begin, it was but a receiving station for Palabala and the up country work. Mr. Stanley had his base on the north bank at Vivi, while the British Baptist mission and the Dutch trading company were further down river on the south Bank. Thus these men chose the port for a country half the size of the United States. During his first term of service Mr. Clark made several trips up and down country, assisting newly arrived missionaries or those disabled and compelled to go home.

Mr. Clark the Husband and Father.

Mr. Clark married Miss Elizabeth Milne on furlough in 1884, of a family that has given generously to Congo. From this family have come to Congo Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Harvey and Mr. Milne, the latter serving at Ikoko.

There is a very interesting story of the courtship of Mr. Clark and Miss Milne. Miss Milne and another girl went to call on Mr. Clark's mother. She was delighted to give them the latest news of her son, Joe. She said that he was keeping very well, but wished that he had a wife. Then his mother added, « He has asked me look to a girl for him, and do you know that there is no one, Lizzie, I would rather have him marry than you. How would you like to go out there to him ? »

Miss Milne replied, « If you think I will do, I shall gladly go ». Then the good old lady drew back, fearing she had gone too far, especially in Scotland ; « Perhaps we had better wait until Joe comes home ». That mail Lizzie had also had a letter from Joe in which they had completed their arrangements and engagement, but Scot-like she had said nothing to the mother !

Mrs. Clark was won for Africa when she heard Robert Moffatt speak. Her grandmother said that she had no wit to fear. Be that as it may, I consider Mrs. Clark the most courageous woman I have ever met.

Their eldest child, Stephanie, was born at Palabala. She is number one in the register at Boma, the first white child born under the Congo Free State. They had five other children born to them in Congo and one other in the homeland. Of these, one of the twins died in infancy at Ikoko. Harvey, the third son, a graduate of the divinity school of the University of Chicago, died of a heat stroke in Mesopotamia during the world war. At that time he was working with the Y.M.C.A. in connection with the British army. Their son Gordon, a doctor, served with the American army medical corps in France and died of influenza in the States. Their oldest son, Gilbert, who had been an officer in the British army during the world war, and their second daughter, Mina, are in Britain, while the eldest daughter, Stephanie, and the youngest son, Harold, are in America. It is a

wonderful family to come out of the « white man's grave », but they had a wonderful father and mother of sturdy Scotch stock.

Their home was a happy one. Mrs. Metzger and I spent ten months of our first term with them, daily at their table. We learned to known them, which is to love them. Now we look back upon the happy times we had together, and we thank God for coming under their tutelage the first year. That hospitable Christian home at Palabala, Ikoko, and Ntondo meant much to young missionaries and officials, either while passing through Palabala on the caravan route or being entertained graciously at Ikoko and Ntondo.

Mr. Clark among the Cannibals.

Returning from their second furlough, part of wich had been spent in America, Mr. Clark was anxious to push into the interior, rather than continue in the crowded area of the Lower Congo. At that time the mission had three stations above Leopoldville, Bolenge, Tshumbiri and Irebu. The Clarks spent about a year at the shorthanded station of Irebu, and then with his three young Congo assistants, Frank, Vinga and Willie, they pushed on to Ikoko on Lake Tomba. As they steamed in on the lake the horizon could not be distinguished from the sky and the lake. There, says Mrs. Clark, heaven and earth meet. Truly it has been so, for heaven has come down to the wild, cannibal people of Lac Tumba. A temporary house of bamboo with board floors was soon built and also a school-chapel of planks. Within a year Mr. Clark preached his first sermon in this new language while the work in the school dispensary was already under way.

Mr. Clark, the Defender of Native Rights.

To bring a civilized government to such a wild folk as those on Lake Tumba is not an easy task. There were attacks and punitive expeditions. Why should we pay tax of fish and bread and rubber, the Natives asked. One would not wish to repeat the story of those horrors now, some perhaps unavoidable but others the vicious result of a wrong system. Mr. Clark was outspoken in his opposition to these excesses. He was alway- very careful not to make statements which could not be proved. He was watched but never entangled in his speech. He was perhaps one of the most effective exposers of conditions as they existed. He never exalted the African to perfection for he was terribly conscious of their shortcomings. I have heard him say again and again, « God pity the white man if he should ever fall into the hands of these wild men as they themselves are in the hands of the white ». His witness always counted in the highest circles. He was among the first to acknowledge the change for the better under the Belgian government.

The Clarks, Pioneers in Industrial and Girls' Work.

From the beginning at Palabala Mr. Clark favored industrial work. A certain amount is forced upon the mission that it may live, but Mr. Clark insisted upon teaching all some useful occupation. He had early seen the work of the Scotch missions and others on the coast and observed their advantages. Accordingly he gave the boys as well as the girls a hoe ; then he gave the boys a saw, a plane, a square or a trowel. At Palabala, but especially at Ikoko and Ntondo, gardening, carpentry, sewing, soap- and syrup-making have been taught.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark always realized the special need of training the women, hence they were pioneers of this in Congo. Many other stations and missions copied their plan. They sometimes had more girls on the station than boys. The beautiful station at Ntondo as well as the better homes of he Natives in brick and in wood are some of the results of their work.

They have often been criticized for their interest in industrial training. One of their missionaries once asked how many services and classes they had weekly, whereupon it was shown that Ntondo was doing its share in the teaching of the gospel of Jesus Crhist when compared with the other stations.

Mr. Clark never allowed anything to detract from his main purpose, that is the saving of the African's soul through the preaching of the gospel. When I was associated with him, he preached almost daily somewhere, and was constantly training his helpers. Sunday mornings one of the Native helpers spoke first, after having been assisted the day before, and then Mr. Clark followed.

As a result of this preaching and work there is a church of 2000 members won for Christ among these cannibal folk. Truly others have had a share in this work. Of late years Mr. Clark did considerable translating, especially of the Bible.

Mr. Clark the Indefatigable Campaigner.

Few men have won the hearts of the constituency at home, as did Mr. Clark. His pleasing personality and charming Christian manner captivated averyone. His wealth of experience in Congo, clear exposition of the essentials of the work, and his optimism and faith in the African always gave him an attentive audience. He was sweet-tempered, never tired, never fussy, equally at home in the humblest parsonage or in the proudest mansion, never out of place.

What would you like for lunch, Mr. Clark, asks the kind hostess. « I believe I saw some of that porridge left at breakfast ; you can give me nothing better than that. » And Mr. Clark meant it. He was Scotch. No one would ever talk about the cranky missionary after Mr. Clark left.

He had stories for the children, experiences of adventure for the youth, triumphs of the gospel for the deacon and the missionary society member, and a friendly pat for the aged. He was always all things to all men that he might win some. He did win them ; friends for missions, for Africa, for Congo ; recuits for the service ; money for the treasury. In all this Mrs. Clark was right beside him. Never was it said, « We adore him, but his wife-Well, I suppose we will be compelled to take her too. » What a great couple they were to entertain ! Any home was blessed to have them.

The Father Clark of Congo.

The evening we received the sad news of the homegoing of Mr. Clark, a group of missionaries passing on the Sw. Kigoma had tea with us. I remarked that Mr. and Mrs. Clark were our father and mother in Congo. Several of them replied that they were father and mother to them as well. The Disciples of Christ missionaries were very fond of him, the Congo Balobo missionaries and others as well. So we have had our Father Clark out here in Congo, respected and loved.

He is the first to attain fifty glorious years in this land of famine and disease and death. One would have to write a book to explain the changes he has seen in this land. His good wife has seen forty-six years of service beside him. When she came to Congo she said, « I gladly lay my body down as a stepping stone in the path over which others may reach the interior. » Like a good shepherd she laid down her life, but her Master lifted her up for service all these years. Mr. Clark wished to die in Congo. He said, « I wish they would put me right back there, » pointing to the little burial ground at the rear of the station at Ntondo.

A brave faithful warrior has laid down his armor. Who will don it ? « Now lettest thou thy servant die in peace for mine eyes have seen by the salvation. » Truly, he has seen God's salvation for in our mission alone are numbered 20,000 Christians with 40,000 children in the schools.

IN THANKSGIVING AND GRATITUDE

Testimonial prepared and presented to the Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Clark by their Colleagues on the Ntondo Station Staff before their departure.

On behalf of one who has tasted the privations and hardships of an uncivilized land

with a climate that for years wrought havoc to the white man's health and life, and who has had the thrill of treading untried trails to reach with the Gospel peoples of hitherto unknown tribes : his colleagues of the Ntondo staff do praise God, who enables Rev. Joseph Clark to approach his jubilee anniversary of Christian service on the Congo while he and his faithful helpmeet, Mrs. Clark, are actively witnessing for Christ at Lac Tumba where for over thirty-five years they have lived and served and had cause to rejoice as heathen hearts have responded to the Gospel message, and cannibal centres have changed to church centres of God-fearing folk.

To him who is still pressing on, pointing others to Christ, physically not quite as agile but in spirit buoyant, jovial and as eager to pioneer today as fifty years ago, we of the Ntondo Staff do in this testimonial express our tender regard ; for Mr. Clark, and Mrs. Clark as well, and pray that God will continue to use and abundantly bless these who by life and lip have helped dispel the night of heathen darkness into the dawn of Christ's kingdom in Congoland.

Signed :

Members of the Ntondo Station Staff :

Edna Oden
Anna Hagquist
Marguerite Eldredge
Ethel D. Brown
Harry D. Brown

A PORTION OF THE DIARY OF THE REV. JOSEPH CLARK

(This is the only portion of his early diary known to be extant. It extends from April 22, 1880, the day on which he first landed in Congo, to June 9 of that year. It is given here as nearly as possible in the form in which he wrote it in his precise and careful hand 50 years ago.)

APRIL 1880.

Thursday, 22.

Reached Banana to-day about a quarter to one p.m. Found Comber & a companion both of the « Baptist Miss'y Society » but none of our party. Mr. McKergow & Mr. and Mrs. Johnston arrived safely some time ago and are up the river a few miles.
(42 days since we came on board this ship.)
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son & Holy Ghost.
(Most of our goods landed before dark.)

Lord, since Thou hast been so faithful to us help us to be faithful to Thee. « Let us love Thee more & more, — Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er. » Bind us to Thee, Lord, with the bonds of love as with the bonds of a man — and let us never stray from thy paths aside.

Friday, 23.

Commenced early to complete the discharge of our goods, donkeys, etc. Finished shortly after breakfast. The « Vanguard » sailed early in the afternoon. Spent this night under canvas, and got considerably bitten by mosquitoes.

Truly the Lord has blessed us greatly — May we be faithful to Him.

Saturday, 24.

Busy to-day in arranging our goods — opening boxes, etc. and selecting what will be most wanted.

Sunday, 25.

Lanceley had service in forenoon & Mr. Comber of the Baptist Mission in evening.

Monday, 26.

In the morning Lanceley & I were trying our hands at *Bartering*. For some bright buttons, an old locket & chain, bought a

supply of palm wine, plantains & oranges. We showed one of the natives an oval mirror at which he was much astonished. It was pretty large so that he could see nearly all his body. He put his hand on his mouth and leaned his head on my shoulder in silent wonder. He several times looked at the back of the mirror and after we had pointed out that the person he saw had all his ornaments he asked in broken English « Where dat man lib ? » (Where does that man live ?) Truly we who have been brought up in the midst of « *light* » have much to praise the Lord for — I could not but think of this when I saw the great wonder of this poor heathen at what to me was quite common.

Tuesday, 27.

Busy again to-day. We hope soon to get up the river. McKergow, our carpenter, got out all right and is now some distance up the river.

Stanley has been away into the interior a considerable distance and is getting on pretty well.

Wednesday, 28.

Hard at work again part of the day. A letter, at night, reached us from McKergow; but when it was written he had not heard of our arrival here.

He has had a very slight touch of fever since going up the river, but is evidently considerably better.

Thurday, 29.

Letters at night from 'Craven' — one of the brethren already on the river.

Have been cleaning etc. to-day making prep. for ascending the river.

In good health — praise God who has so very bountifully led us. We have almost everything our hearts could desire. May we at all times be kept closely united to the Lord and thus bound to one another — so shall we prosper.

Friday, 30.

To-day Mr. McC. asked me to take charge of the lading of the « Minerva » schooner in which part of our goods is to go up the river. I am to accompany her.

This being the *50th* day since we embarked we had a little thanksgiving meeting in the evening. A very sweet meeting it was. We cannot but praise the Lord for the way in which He has led us. Mr. McCall, Harvey, & Lanceley prayed very earnestly for me seeing that to-morrow I leave them with the « Minerva ». The Lord bless and keep us all.

MAY 1880.

Saturday, 1.

Finished the lading of the « Minerva » and set sail about 11 a.m. We anchored about 6.30 p.m., and about an hour after one of Stanley's steamers passed up the river.

Had a short service in the evening with the five boys that accompany me.

I praise Thee, O Lord, for this fresh opportunity of showing my readiness to serve Thee. Help me to keep close to Thee.

Sunday, 2.

Service in forenoon & in evening. Much strengthened by the thought that prayer is being offered up at home for me.

Monday, 3.

Last night we came to anchor on the opposite side of the river from Porta de Lenha which is now in sight.

Truly the Lord has blessed us greatly — every one in good health and all under circumstances so very favourable.

One of *my men* was ill since we sailed from Banana. I had no *medicine* but a bottle of Eno's fruit salt for my own use, but I gave him a large dose of it which has had the desired effect. Several have had that terribly troublesome pest the « jigger » in their feet. This is a small animal which penetrates the skin & breeds there. After having the jigger taken out I applied a lotion of *carbolic oil* which cleans & heals the wounds remarkably well.

Tuesday, 4.

Came to anchor in the evening — still several miles below Boma. Current flows here about eight or nine miles an hour.

I was very much tempted to go ashore with my gun as there are plenty of wild animals « good for food » to be had here. A goat was bleating quite close to the ship.

I also heard an alligator some distance below us.

Longing for letters from home — yet having committed unto the keeping of the Lord all that I hold dear on earth, I will wait with patience the coming of those letters etc. Surely all must be well since the Lord is *my* « *watchman* » ! In Thee do I trust, O Lord, let not my confidence bring me grief — It *cannot do so*, for « Blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee ».

Wednesday, 5.

Not yet at Boma. It is very trying to one's patience this slow and uncertain mode of progression. Yet patience is a valuable feature in any character, and by being thus tried possibly the Lord is making me more patient than I have been. Lord, help me to learn the lesson aright.

« His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint ? »

The country here is very fertile — very thickly wooded. It is very flat but there are hills ahead. Boma is situated at the foot of a hill — I hope to be there (D. V.) shortly.

Thursday, 6.

In the evening we reached Boma. When close to Boma the mainsail was caught aback by the wind and one of the sailors had his chest hurt and one of his feet sprained.

Found Mr. Richards here. He has been sick for some time and though somewhat recovered he is still very weak.

Wrote to-day to Mother, to Annie, and to Mrs. Hepburn.

The Lord has privileged me to be the first of our party to reach this place — may I have grace from God to be very faithful to Him.

Friday, 7.

Commenced the discharge of the « Minerva » early this morning, finished by noon, and pretty early in the day had all the goods safely stowed away. To-day one of Mr. Stanley's small steamers passed here from Noki for Banana having on board Mr. Moir, one of Stanley's party, who is dangerously ill.

In the afternoon I took my rifle & went out for a walk — hoping to get some ground-game to *shoot at*, but saw nothing but birds. Fired three times at birds but missed. Had I had a fowling piece I might have had a considerable load. I found a very peculiar bird's-nest. It is *fastened* on to the *tip* of a branch.

Slept under « mosquito curtains » to-night for the first time — but these do not keep out *'bugs.'*

Saturday, 8.

Saw a gang of live men chained together to-day. Another solitary individual was chained to a post — like a dog.

Two men were flogged here to-day (the captain and the mate of a small vessel) for stealing goods belonging to their masters. They were bleeding from the severity of their punishment. Truly offences committed by these poor slaves are *very severely* punished. Lord, do Thou soften the hearts of those in power in such places as these.

Sunday, 9.

Spent nearly all the forenoon with Mr. Richards who is considerably better. Had a short service in the afternoon with my boys.

Monday, 10.

Mr. Richards left Boma to-day to go to Banana to meet Mrs. Richards but they had passed each other on the river for she reached Boma in the evening, accompanied by Lanceley. Mr. McKergow came down to-day from above Noki — he reached here about 2 : 30 p.m. — he looks very hardy though he has had fever twice since he landed on the 28th of March. In the evening we (Mrs. Richards, Lanceley, McKergow & I) had a very nice prayer meeting.

In the morning I collected several specimens of plants — one of them I think is wanted at London by Nurserymen who gave us instructions about sending them plants. I also collected some grasses and seed to send home as specimens.

Renewed cause to-day for praising Thee, O Lord.

Tuesday, 11.

McKergow having determined to return to the station he was building, I made up my mind to accompany him ; so, leaving Lanceley with Mrs. Richards in charge of

the goods etc. at Boma, we set off in the « Esperance » (a steamer launch of Stanley's) taking with us two Sierra Leone boys & « Bob ». The scenery on the river is grand — its course seems to be amongst countless hills — each one running down almost to the water's edge. In some parts the navigation of the river is extremely difficult — at one place we were *very nearly* wrecked — I could only lift up my heart in earnest prayer to him as I saw the little vessel in so great danger of being swept on the rocks by the strength of the current. The Lord preserved us, and we landed about 5 p.m. within a few yards of McKergow's tent. We were about 8 hours on the river. Shortly after landing we were visited by Mr. Vicker, of this same Mission. We are only about two miles from Stanley's headquarters « Vivi ».

Wednesday, 12.

Rose pretty early and after a wash and a little bit of breakfast we started work. Went off with our rifles and axe and a saw to cut wood for our house. I had the pleasure of cutting *my first tree*. I had some pretty hard work for during the day I was *paving* the floor with stones and in the afternoon I was again in the woods. I had to climb up into the trees & work the saw and the axe. We had to cut the trees clear of each other they grow so closely together and are knitted together. My hands were very sore before night, being blistered and bleeding ; but this is *all borne* for Jesus' sake.

I praise the Lord both for *my strength* and for my willingness to work. Keep me Lord near to Thee that I may ever be willing to do what Thou hast given me to do. Had service with the boys both last night and to-night.

Thursday, 13.

Paving the floor all day to-day. Had pretty heavy work in *dressing* the stones. I never tried the stone-dressing till yesterday, but I am really glad at my success. My hands are very sore to-day. I am also suffering very severely from the bites of mosquitoes & sand flies. My legs are in a fearful state with them as they pain me so. To-day I have been trying to get a few more words of the language spoken by the natives — I have now nearly fifty on my list.

« Blessed Jesus, Thou has promised
Thou wilt all our burden bear.
May we ever then be bringing
Everything to God in prayer.
Soon, in glory bright eternal
There will be no need for prayer,
Rapture, praise & endless worship
Will be our sweet portion there. »

Friday, 14.

A good deal of my time has been taken up to-day in breaking up a large stone that was in the « found » of our building.

Had a letter to-day from Mr. Craven of our mission — from « Cory Station » which is a few miles up the river.

I wrote to Lanceley to-day telling him of my safe arrival here.

Lord, I ask Thee to-night that Thou wilt keep the soul-chilling influences around me from lessening the little love I bear to Thee — but may I grow daily in the knowledge of Thee and in pure and earnest love to Thee.

« Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint !
Yet I love Thee and adore,
O for grace to love Thee more. »

Saturday, 15.

Started shortly after 6 a.m. to cut timber in the woods for our store. Found it very hard & even at times dangerous work as we had to climb trees carrying an axe & a saw to a considerable height & one time I was out above the river working in the branches of a tree. Did not stop till about noon — I feel rather used up owing to the exposure to the sun etc. In the afternoon had a walk some distance into the country with my « Chum » (Brother McKergow) — we had a bath in a nice shady pool, in a « burn. »

Lord, for Thy *tender care* over me *to-day* I praise Thee.

Sunday, 16.

Had a short service in the cool of the evening. Was thinking of & praying for the « folks at home ». May the Lord bless & keep them all,

Monday, 17.

To-day I have been very much occupied in packing cases etc. to forward goods to Palabala — the next missionary station to this.

In the evening we were very busy for some time studying the native language. We have a boy who knows a few words of English & by means of this, we were *pumping him* for his native tongue. It is very difficult to make progress.

A disturbance to-day with our two Sierra Leone boys. — They are badly suited with the way we work — it is evidently too hard for them. These men have to be dealt very sternly with else *they will* have the upper hand. One of them professes to be a Christian but his life certainly gives the lie to his words.

Tuesday, 18.

This morning Mr. McKergow & I accompagnied by one of the Sierra Leone boys and a Kroo boy went to the river to carry up to our house two pieces of timber we cut on Saturday. The Sierra Leone man said it was too heavy for him, but we made him lift with us. After he had it on his shoulder and had proceeded some distance with it, he suddenly, & without giving any warning, threw the *stick* from him and very nearly caused Mr. McK. to be severely hurt by it — as it was his neck was considerably hurt. Afterwards the Kroo boy & I took the heavy end of the stick and two natives took the other & we carried it up to the house. Afterwards he would not start work when I ordered him, so I said he would get no breakfast — neither he nor the other Sierra Leone lad did any more work during the day so they have got no food. Mr. McK. was taken ill with fever about 9 a.m. and was very bad for some time but towards evg. he was considerably recovered. This is his third attack.

Wednesday, 19.

To-day has been partly spent by me in « hagging » timber to be used in the roof our house — this I found pretty hard work in an African temperature. We have also erected scaffolding so that we may get our « roof » put on.

No letters from home yet — it is very trying to have so very long to wait. But this is part of the cross I will have to bear in Africa. Lord, give me grace, in this matter specially, to keep ever looking off unto Jesus. Thou has promised to bear *all* our burdens and this one I now cast on Thee — care Thou, Lord, for my dear mother & all my other friends I have left to serve Thee here and send me quickly as Thou seest fit intelligence of their continued well-being & well-doing.

Thursday, 20.

Busy again at our house. I find the « hagging » the sawing etc. very trying work under such an intensely hot sun. However we stop during the hottest part of the day and have a « sleep », a « talk », or a « read ».

To-day we heard of the death of Mr. Petersen — a Dane — one of our missionaries on this river. He died at our station called « Berger » which is the furthest inland of our stations. He died on the 5th of this month. (Berger station is about 70 miles from my present position). The young lady to whom Mr. P. was engaged to be married was very anxious to accompany us out to Africa ; but the Lord, in his great mercy, prevented her from coming. Lord, comfort Thou her when she hears of this the blasting of her hopes — « Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted » — so Thou hast said and all Thy words are faithful and true.

Friday, 21.

More hard work squaring timber etc. Praise the Lord for my continued strength and ability to do such work for Him. I am agreeably surprised at the way I manage to do these things I never did before — Mr. McKergow says I will soon be a *carpenter*.

To-night Mr. McK. and I have been working very hard at the language. For some time we had three natives in our tent and we were « pumping » these at the hardest. It is very hard and trying work. I praise the Lord for the substantial progress I was enabled to make to-night. I have

managed to get a good few names (sing. & plu.) some adjectives and some verbs. Our two Sierra Leone boys have left us and are determined to proceed down the river to Boma or Banana — we have had more trouble with, than help from them.

Lord, increase my *memory* and my perseverance.

Saturday, 22.

To-day we have made very fair progress with our work — the heat of the sun was sickening for some time but : Lo ! I am with you » said our blessed Lord, and « with Jesus by our side » we need « fear none evil ». To-day I have had special cause for praise. There are many *snakes* in this country but I have not seen any here till to-day when I was passing through the wood I almost stepped on one. It was of a light gray color and not easily seen on the ground. I was rather startled by it and allowed it to escape. Being anxious to push on the « building » we kept at it during the afternoon.

Sunday, 23.

This day I had my first experience of African fever. I was ill when I wakened — cold, chilly feeling oppressing me — but I had a sponge bath & felt slightly better. Throughout the day I grew very much worse and at last had to turn into bed under a great pile of blankets. Soon the dry fit gave way to one of profuse perspiration and after it lasted for some time the fever was gone ; but I was very weak.

Monday, 24.

In the morning I felt considerably improved from last night. I was able to get up about 7 a.m. and move about a little ; but during the afternoon I grew ill again and continued badly till about 9 : 30 p.m. when I got considerably over my second attack of fever.

The Lord has been very gracious to me during these two attacks. They were not severe and I had plenty of quinine beside me. When I was thirsty, I could draw beautiful water from a large filter sitting at my bedside etc. — for all these mercies I praise Thee, O Lord. For « Thou art the giver of all good and perfect gifts. »

Tuesday, 25.

I have not been able to do much work to-day yet. In the morning I assisted in getting a tree cut down out of which we got 33 ft. of timber (round), and in the afternoon I assisted to get it hagged and also went through the woods in search of bamboos with which to put our roof in a fit state for thatching and also to put on the walls. Glad that, though weak, I have been enabled to do something for Jesus to-day — even though I could do little I was certainly of definite assistance to McKergow to-day.

It is a pleasant thought that we can *rest* for Jesus' sake as well as *work* for His sake.

Wednesday, 26.

To-day a little more work. At night I could not get sleep but for a short time in the evg. Toward morning I felt I was growing quite delirious & so I rose & then I felt more steady. It is very trying for a weakly person to be lying out here in a tent alone & spending the time in sleeplessness. There are so many strange sounds to listen to — there are thoughts of the importance of present work, of future work, thoughts of success, of failure, & thoughts of what has been left behind — all crowd and crowd upon one amid such circumstances and owing to their multiplicity tend only to excite the imagination and exhaust the mind.

« Nevertheless, the Lord stood by me. »

Thursday, 27.

Earth's thousand voices
Warble Thy lovely name ;
Nature rejoices
Thy praise to proclaim.
Since we have spirits that will live
When all things else will fade & die,
May we eternal honour give,
And sing Thy praise on high.
Chorus — What can we render,
Thou blessed Lord, to Thee,
For care so tender,
For love so free.

Working a *little* again to-day — not so much as I desire. We have finished the frame-work of the roof. At night I had no

sleep at all. The mosquitoes were swarming and I was much troubled with my « heat-lumps » and « prickly heat ». Once or twice I almost cried — I was so wearied and tormented & I knew that without sleep I could not regain my strength ; but I spent a good part of the time in singing some of my favourites or whistling them for a change. I sung the verse I have written above, but especially the chorus-tune, « Life let us cherish ». I have no doubt but these sleepless hours are part of my training by the Lord. May I learn the lessons aright that He is so constantly teaching me by His own blessed Spirit. « Lord make me *apt* to learn. »

Friday, 28.

Early in the morning I kindled a fire and made the boy cook me some tea. I had breakfast of some cold chicken & tea & shouldering my rifle I went out accompanied by Bob to try (chiefly) to get a shot at an alligator. I only came across one & he had his eyes fully as open as I had & before I could have raised my rifle he had plunged into the river. I knelt upon the ground for some time hoping he would come up near at hand to breathe ; but he had paddled off for I saw him no more. After a considerable tramp I returned pretty tired. I then lay down in bed and slept for about three and a half hours & so was considerably refreshed. In the afternoon I slept for some time & then gave Mr. McKergow some slight assistance. A very large bush fire was raging near us at night.

Saturday, 29.

For a short time to-day I have helped McK. but the most of my time has been spent in writing up my diary from the 23rd. No mails yet — fully 2½ months since I heard from home. But all is well, for my gracious Lord is the *keeper* of those I have left — He slumbers not nor sleeps & in His loving hands they are safe indeed.

Lord, give me patience to wait till Thy time for sending me letters is finished and then...

I have almost entirely got over my attack of fever.

Sunday, 30.

Spent this day chiefly in *resting* & reading.

Monday, 31.

This morning Mr. & Mrs. Richards left us for Palabala. This is a mission station about 10 miles from here.

To-day I have been pretty strong — I have been at times using the pick & spade and at other times the axe or adze. I am glad to be able to use my *muscles* for the Lord. There are now Roman Catholics establishing a mission at *Boma* — this is since I came up here. Mr. Richards tells me they are pushing on their building at the hardest. I am glad that for some time at least our scene of operation will lie somewhat apart from theirs. May the Lord convice these men of their own error and lead them in the way of truth.

JUNE 1880.

Tuesday, 1.

Been working for a considerable time at the roof to-day — preparing it with bamboo for thatching. Work progresses very slowly here and thus our patience is very much tried, but patience worketh experience.

Now that the dry season has continued here for fully a month, I feel very anxious to be pushing on to « Stanley Pool ». Mr. McCall is busy pushing the goods forward but none have reached us yet. Work on the river is very hard and slow owing to the very strong current.

Lord, give us grace & strength to labour *steadily* and earnestly for Thee.

Wednesday, 2.

On the roof again. We had written to Mr. Craven asking him to get us bamboos & native assistance and got back a few bamboos with notice that he could send us no more, and that he could get no helpers to us ; when several natives came & volunteered to cut bamboos & bring them to us. They brought us a large stock for which we paid them nine handkerchiefs. They promised also to come in a few days & do the thatching. Thus helpers were *sent* to us of the Lord.

« O, rest in the Lord ; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thine heart's desires. »

« The Lord is our helper. »

Thursday, 3.

On the roof again to-day. To-night I have to thank the Lord for preserving me from evil. While I was working the stick on which I was standing suddenly gave may & I would have fallen about ten or eleven feet, but I caught a cross bar as I was falling & got clear with only a torn shirt. Truly the Lord cares for His own children — they *may* have dangers and troubles but His gracious arm is around them shielding them from harm and giving them peace.

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee & adore,
Oh, for grace to love Thee more

I do love this verse, it expresses fully the thoughts of my heart.

Friday, 4.

To-day I did a little work, but early in the day I had to « give in » — feeling very bad. I was in bed during most of the day — my chief complaint being dizziness of the head.

Still more training by the Lord.

« Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth ».

Saturday, 5.

In the morning still feeling ill — did very little work during the forenoon. A little after 11 a.m. one of Stanley's steamers came up the river. We paddled out to her & I got a packet sent by Mr. McCall. In it was a letter from Cairnfield — the first letter I have received since coming here — I felt sorry there were no more. From Mr. McCall's note we learned he was at Nokki and that he was anxious to see us. We engaged a canoe — went down & interviewed him. I came up in the evg. taking a load of wood & two of our Sierra Leone boys. Before I reached here I was quite ill & went to bed on landing with my *third* attack of fever. Very ill for a short time.

Sunday, 6.

Before daylight I was nearly all right — only weak. My black boy nursed me very well when I was ill, though I had some difficulty in making him understand me. Lay in bed nearly all day *resting* — was slightly bad for about an hour in evg.

Monday, 7.

Started work on the roof & kept at it till the sun got rather hot. I then lay down in bed and read for some time. In afternoon I did not *work* ; but merely took an occasional « turn round » to see that the others were working. I was busy at the language in the afternoon & evening and felt satisfied with the progress I made. I got on so well that I was almost *jumping* for pleasure. There is a heart-felt pleasure in *progression* especially when it is produced by hard effort — that is well worth experiencing.

Lord, give me grace to devote *all* my energies & faculties to Thee, & do Thou increase them, Lord.

Tuesday, 8.

Wrought at our store till about 11 a.m. Shortly after dinner Mr. McKergow returned from Nokki where I left him on Sat. He, during his stay there has had another attack of fever.

In the afternoon we were busy sounding the river for some distance to ascertain where the best landing place could be arranged for. We expect a small steamer to bring up part of our goods & we want to get her as near the bank as possible to discharge. We settled on a spot but it will want considerable clearing among the trees.

Thankful for progress made.

Wednesday, 9.

Been very busy to-day. Spent part of my time in boarding the walls of our store & in afternoon were busy cutting the trees & clearing a landing place & in receiving the goods sent up by Mr. McCall. We have recd. two canoe loads to-day — at this rate our goods will soon be all stored here. To-day we have had the most of the roof roughly

thatched to afford *shade* for the goods — we are not afraid of rain now and do not expect any for several months.

We run strips of bamboo along the roof and tie the grass on to these with the *creepers* or *runners* we get amongst the trees. This is how the natives do & we follow in this -- it is handy and inexpensive.

SKETCHES AT VARIOUS DATES FROM THE PEN OF THE REV. JOSEPH CLARK

On our first journey to Stanley Pool we passed through a region where the rain had fallen in insufficient quantity and the Natives had demanded of the witch doctor the reason for this failure. As a general rule this might have led to the death of two or three innocent people, but hearing that there were white men in the district who might have interfered, the witch doctor very wisely sought to fasten the guilt on some other than a Native of the village. He evidently had seen our belongings and told the Natives, after he had made careful inquiry of his fetish, that the cause of the trouble was a bag which the white man carried. The object in question belonged to me. It was a small hand bag in which I carried toilet articles, sleeping suit, Bible, etc. Evidently he suggested that this should be stolen from me, and they managed to accomplish this.

My bag was missing and I could not find where it had gone. About a month later in passing again through that district a Native came to me and asked about my loss. He said he could tell me where the bag was, and he gave me the reason why it had been stolen. The witch doctor and his friends had carried this down to the river and failing, as he said, to open its mouth the witch doctor cut it open from end to end and sank it in the river, assuring the others that now it was filled with water it would no longer « eat » the rain.

The young man led me to the place at the river side where this operation had taken place and pointed out that among some large stones in the water I would find my bag. One man waded in and recovered my property, but naturally I found everything ruined.

The witch doctor was of course well paid for insuring the falling of the rain !

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On my way home from Congo for the first time I met the Rev. George Grenfell of the English Baptist mission, who inquired where I was going. I replied, « Home on furlough. » He laughingly replied to me, « You can do nothing at home unless you have a good snake story to tell. » I told him I was well fitted with that. My snake story in which I trusted was as follows :

Traveling alone with a caravan of about 20 men I decided to camp near the river and to stay at least 24 hours to let my carriers rest. I instructed them to put up a little shelter for me about nine feet square so that I too could rest without fear of rain or sun.

A grass wall was made at both ends and part of the front, leaving two openings as doorways at either end. As this was built on sloping ground and the roof came close to the ground at the back, I dind't have a wall made there. Our goods were carried into this and arranged there, and I tied the ropes of my hammock to the central supports at either end. (As I had so few carriers I did not provide myself with a bed.) When I rested in my hammock it was very close to the bales and boxes under it. After the evening meal I retired to my hut and knelt down there to pray. Among other petitions I prayed that God would preserve me from snakes, and at the close of my prayer I was

a good deal worried because I had, as I thought, prayed carelessly. I never feared snakes and why I had asked to be preserved from them I could not understand. As a Scotch boy I had learned that prayer is the offering up of our desires unto God and I felt that that was an idle expression I had used.

I lay down in my hammock and expected to go to sleep, but this thought kept coming again and again to me — why are you getting into a careless habit of prayer ? While I lay sleepless and worried in my hammock I heard a noise on the hillside at the back of my hut. Listening, I became aware of the fact that the sound was rhythmical. To me it sounded as if a big snake were approaching. I naturally hoped it would not come into the hut. Then when I remembered the bales and boxes beside me I hoped that it would not attempt to climb over them because in that case it might wander into my hammock, and I did not consider the hammock big enough for the two of us. I lay still and I distinctly heard it moving in the hut. It passed through beneath my hammock, heading for one of the openings in the front wall and I could see from the starlight gleaming on its head that it had passed partly out at the doorway, but it stopped there. I thought of my gun that was leaning against the wall and wished to turn slightly in my hammock to reach for it, but I presume my turning had made some noise that called the attention of the snake to my presence, for between me and the doorway I could see the head of that snake rise up from the ground until it was almost on a level with my face.

No doubt the first time I prayed about snakes I prayed carelessly, but now I addressed a prayer to God with all the intensity of which I was capable, pleading that. He would take me from that one snake. And strange to say, it lay down. Again I moved, intending to put my foot on the ground ; but there flashed into my mind the thought that although I could easily see where the head of the snake was, owing to the darkness in the hut I could not tell where the rest of his body was located. Finally, however, I plucked up courage and put my feet on the ground and then reaching for my gun I stood as close as possible to the other doorway, raised my gun and fired.

It must have coiled itself ready to strike, for though I fired in the darkness the bullet had actually pierced it in two places. I found that I had killed a snake nearly six feet long and of a very poisonous variety.

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At Tshumbiri on the upper Congo the missionaries Billington and Grenfell had been much troubled by leopards killing their milk goats, so they determined to make a trap with which to kill some of these savage thieves. A small hut was made for the accommodation of a young goat which was expected to cry during the night because of its separation from the others. A little fence was constructed around this hut with an opening through which the leopard was expected to pass, and an arrangement was made whereby a gun would be fired by the leopard when be attempted to pass through the aperture.

For several mornings the missionaries went and took their gun away as no leopard has visited the place, but one morning they went to release the goat and remove the gun, but they found no goat. Instead they found a large python lying asleep with the rope, at the other end of which was the goat, protruding from its mouth.

On another occasion I found one of these pythons in our garden, with a goat partly swallowed. It was an easy task for my boys to kill it, and they enjoyed a fine feast composed of snake and goat.

Still another was an amusing case when in the evening my chicken boy came and told me, « Teacher, there is something in your chicken house. » « I know it, » I said, « there are chickens. There are more than chickens ; I have some ducks. » « Yes, » he replied, « but there are more than ducks and chickens. » I asked what he thought there was. He said from the way the chickens were squawking he thought it was a snake. He brought my gun and lantern and

preceded me to the chicken house. He motioned me to stay at a little distance while he with the lantern unlocked the door. Examining the roof and then the floor he called out, « There it is. » I approached and looking in saw what I thought was a log on the floor and asked him if the snake were near the log. He said, « That's not a log ; it's a snake. » I told him to hold the lantern steady so that I could see to fire. Immediately I fired the light went out and so did we as quickly as possible. The boy closed the door and ran back to the house to again light the lantern. On his return I found that my shot had torn the snake so that I had practically blown a duck out of the snake. It had taken seven chickens and ducks for its supper, and probably would have had more had I not interrupted it.

That night out boys had another splendid feast. Snake and chicken pleased them.

Soon after breakfast next morning my missionary companion came and complained that my boys had thrown the snake in his chicken yard. I said I was sure they hadn't because I had seen them cutting the snake to pieces, but calling the boy to bring my gun I went off with my friend to his place. He asked why I carried a gun and I told him that the snake he had seen was unquestionably a second one, and sure enough we found that another large snake had tried to make its way through the wire fencing around his chicken enclosure and had actually trapped itself in this way. Finding itself gripped in the first mesh it had turned and put its head through a second and then through a third, so that there was no possibility of its getting away. I got the snake out alive with the intention of offering it to some collector, but unfortunately one of the Native boys to show his courage struck it with a stick and after a day or two it died.

People in America seem to think that we have much cause to be afraid of snakes in Africa, but I tell them that during my nearly fifty years of missionary experience I have never met with a single fatal case of snake bite, although we have cobras, puff-adders, horned vipers and other very poisonous snakes.

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During my second furlough I decided I would go to America to make the acquaintance of the American people who had adpoted our mission. I wrote the secretary in Boston and told him of my desire to visit the Baptist churches that I might tell them of our work and needs. I was amazed at the reply, which told me that the missionaries of our society were not required to do deputation work and that therefore my presence was not desired. At the same time I had been in correspondence with Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston who had written me that in the event of my coming to America I should consider his home at my disposal. He desired to have me as his guest.

Nothwithstanding the statement of the secretary I decided to go to America. I had letters of introduction to the larger Y.M.C.A. centers and my intention was to get employment through them in lecturing on the Congo.

Arriving in Boston I naturally went to the missions rooms and introduced myself to the secretary there. When I told him my name he said, « I wrote you not to come. » I said, « No, you didn't ; you simply told me I was not wanted. » He asked, « Well, was not that enough ? » To which I replied, « No. » He asked me then : » Now that you are here, what do you intend to do ? » « I will lecture in connection with the Y.M.C.A., » I replied. He wished to know what arrangements had been made and whether I would address one of the Baptist churches that night. This I did and I found out that he had sent someone there to learn what I had to say. The next day I presented myself at the office to report that I had done what he asked, when, to my astonishment, « I have changed my mind and I will be glad to have you go out on deputation work. »

The inquiry was made as to whether I was of Scotch extraction, and when I said « No, » people expressed astonishment because by my voice they thought I certainly

was of Scotch extraction. I told them there was no extract about me, that I was the real thing ; and in spite of my being an immigrant I had a very, very happy time, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again.

In Chicago during that furlough I took out my first naturalization papers, thus declaring my intention to be an American citizen, and on my return nine years later in the same Chicago court I obtained my second papers.

During my term of service which preceded this first visit to America I had acted as treasurer of our mission, which service entailed a large amount of bookkeeping and official correspondence. On being asked in Boston to return to check up some work, I said rather than do so I would resign. I told them I had no other reason for resigning but that I would not again go back to that work. My desire had always been to go among the Natives to tell the story of God's love to men. I knew that someone was required for the business work at Matadi, but I was sure also that there were men to whom this work would give pleasure, men better fitted for such duties than I, while my desire was to be free to go further afield and to be simply a missionary in some other needy section. They had no difficulty in filling my place and I was permitted to go to the upper Congo to Lake Mantoma, as it had been called by Henry M. Stanley, now known as Lac Tumba.

I had the privilege of collecting money required for that new venture, which included a large steel boat for our use on the lake. As the most of the money for it was raised in Southern California, the boat was named *Los Angeles*. Taken down and packed in small pieces, we transported it around the cataracts of the lower Congo and rebuilt it at Stanley Pool and it was towed alongside a steamer for 400 miles up to Irebu. While we were building the boat at the Pool we were interviewed by State men and even by Natives, warning us against opening a mission station on Lake Mantoma. They told us the Natives there were very wild and that all the men were cannibals. An attack had been made on at least two parties. One white man, badly wounded, had had to be transported down river 150 miles before a a doctor could be found to properly treat his wounds. These attacks were not provoked by the action of the white man but simply by the superstition and hostility of the Natives. But we felt that God had called for us to go there, and believing that His was the responsibility we felt we could not avoid obeying and were assured that we would have His protection.

We had already visited the lake before going to America, and while we had found the Natives always armed with bows and arrows, spears and knives and ready to fight at a moment's notice, yet we had not been attacked.

Our first visit to Ikoko was an amusing one. The Natives seeing the little steamer on which we were approaching, made for their beach determined to attack us. They arranged that when the steamer's bow should reach the beach they would seize hold and pull the vessel hard and fast on the sand. We were astonished to see such a crowd of men coming close down to the water's edge to meet strangers such as we were. But just as we were a few yards from the beach the missionary in charge blew the whistle, and in a moment all was changed. The voice of this strange craft struck terror to their hearts and instead of seizing hold of the vessel they tried to turn and run, but they were so crowded together that they tramped on one another's feet, so that many fell dragging down others with them. Some of the more fortunate ones immediately took to the tall grass, seeking safety there away from this awful voice. We on board were very much amused, little realizing that we had been saved from a bloodthirsty cannibal attack.

After awhile the bolder ones came back and stood not far off, while some of our Natives explained to them the purpose of this loudvoiced whistle and they were persuaded to come near while someone showed them how the voice was produced.

Then there was much amusement manifested by these men. We then arranged for them to go and bring us chickens and other food supplies and firewood for the steamer, and they were much astonished at the way in which they were treated by us. They found we were friends instead of foes. In other places behind trees or otherwise concealed people waited with their bows and arrows ready to shoot at us, but some of our first acquaintances accompanied us aboard the steamer and shouted to these others that there was no danger with us — that we were friends — and consequently we visited quite a number of villages with but little danger to ourselves.

On our first journey to Ikoko after my return from America we went in a rowboat, landed, put up our tent and retired for the night. I was annoyed at our paddlers for continuing talking long after I requested them to go to sleep, as I wished quiet. They said they were not to sleep but to watch all night. On my saying there was no reason for watching, they told me they knew some words of the language of these people and that the Natives intended to attack us during the night. I said to them, « Don't you believe it. God has sent us here to accomplish a certain work for Him, and as He sent us He will take care of us. You can see that I am lying down to sleep believing that God is watching over us and I want you to do the same. » They did give up the idea of watching and I am sure that the thought that God had taken care of us and had prevented the Natives from attempting to harm us was a great blessing to them.

On landing we found ourselves amongst a people who knew not a word of English and whose language we did not understand. It is thought by many that the central African tongues must consist of a very limited vocabulary, and to some extent this is so. The other day I met a university lecturer who said to me that of course these languages were not difficult because there were so few words. He said he supposed that about 180 words would be about all that they required. I suggested to him that I thought there must be more than that because already into several of them the whole Bible had been translated and I did not think that was possible with vocabulary of only 180 words.

Naturally, we do not find words for snow and ice. The names of our trees and many other classes of words in our language have no equivalents in theirs as the things are unknown, but the languages are wonderful. When we speak of their grammatical structure to some people they express their astonishment that we should even mention grammar in connection with the languages of such undeveloped peoples. An earnest advocate of the so-called Darwinian theory was once asked by me if he thought it possible that the people here about us on the Congo could have evolved the grammatical principles of their languages. He replied, « Certainly not. » I suggested then that those who did evolve those principles must have been a people of higher mental powers than the men now living. He said « That does not follow ». I reminded him that by his own admission the men of the present day were of a class too degraded and ignorant to evolve such a language and that therefore those who did evolve the tongue were of a more intelligent class. This ended his efforts to get me to accept his theory. My claim that the people around us were descended from a better stock than themselves did not suit him.

We had no books and no teacher to help us with the study of the language ; we simply had to listen to the Natives as they talked and then guess the meaning of what we had heard. To hear a Native speak about something and to write down the words used presented us with the initial difficulty of deciding where the first word ended and the second began, but we soon mastered that.

The meaning of the words was not so easily obtained, but I felt as though I had discovered a gold mine when a Native pointed to something on my table and said, « Inki kiake ? » and, I guessed that that meant, « What is this ? » « Inki kiakem » I guessed as meaning « What is that ? » — something more remote. By diligent use of

these two phrases the missionaries could get the names of all the objects visible, but this gave us only nouns. The other parts of speech were more difficult. We were greatly puzzled because we found adjectives with varying forms. Today we know the word good is *diabiza,* but again we find it *wabiza* or *kiabiza* or still different. This is true also of possessive pronouns and the verb « to be. » It took us months of hard study to find a key to this. The explanation is so simple that it can be explained to any one in a couple of minutes, but many long hours of careful thought were required before we learned the secret. We now call this the law of the alliterative concord. This demands that the initial syllable of these adjectives, the possessive pronouns and the verb « to be » shall agree with the initial syllable of the noun to which they are attached. This is perfectly simple, but there we were with no one to explain it, and having ten or twelve different initial forms for these adjectives, we were for months at a loss to know which of these forms we should take.

Another striking feature of the language is that by inflections instead of by added words you indicate the time and condition of your verbs. We have among others a present tense, continuative tense, habitual, near and remote past tenses, and future tense.

Some of the things in the Native language were found not through study but by accident. For example, we discovered the relative pronoun in the following way. Messrs. Westlind, Frederickson and myself had been searching for the relative pronoun and partly because of that alliterative concord had failed to identify it. We were seated at the table one day discussing this when the boy in charge of the table came in and said with indignation, « That boy licked a plate. » « That boy » was the dish washer, who had used a primitive method of plate cleaning. Mr. Westlind said to the informant, « Tell him to bring the plate. » Our informant repeated to another lad what Mr. Westlind had said, « O moangila twala dilonga, » but he added « di kavindele, » « *which he licked,* » and by this we found that the *di* of *dilonga* was used along with the verb and that this was the relative pronoun. Of course, the proper relative pronoun might be *wa* or *ki* or some other form, according to the noun, but we had now the key to the matter and we were so rejoiced at our discovery that we forgot about the licking of the plate and the possible licking of the boy too, which might have followed his offense, and we rejoiced in collecting more examples of that hitherto masterless relative.

I discovered the subjunctive form of the verb by a similar accident. Standing on the brow of a very high hill on a very warm day and looking away across the valley to another high range of hills, I could see the place where I hoped to camp, but in the valley the grass grew to over fifteen feet in height and in places it met overhead so that one walks as in a tunnel and unless there is a gale blowing, little breeze is to be experienced. I thought what a hard day I had before me and the thought flashed into my mind that if I were a bird I would fly. At that moment two little Native boys stood behind me and one expressed to the other the exact thought that was in my mind by saying, « Nga yakala kwami muni ngandabukidi kwami. » I knew so clearly what the boy was saying that I couldn't fail to see his use of this subjunctive which is simply managed by the reduplication of *nga* with the verb *ndabukidi.* I felt as if I had done a big day's work with that one discovery and I rather think it made the remainder of my day's work lighter.

We now have a very fine grammar and dictionary of that lower Congo language worked out a good many years ago by the Rev. Holman Bentley. Of course, all the missionaries using that language supplied him as far as they possibly could with anything that they discovered, but his was the mind that arranged the magnificent monumental work which has been of such tremendous value to the lower Congo peoples.

In other languages great strides have been made too in literary work. In quite a number of the languages we have the gospel printed and books with gospel hymns. Many of

these hymns have been written by Natives who now understand the gospel story and who have heard the missionaries singing their European and American tunes.

LANGUAGE COMPLICATIONS

In the early days the missionaries had a difficult task in the learning of the language without books and without teachers. We had to listen to the sounds that fell from the lips of the Natives, write these with our own alphabet, which fortunately can represent all the sounds in Kikongo, and then came the guessing contest, « What do these sounds mean ? »

As we gained knowledge of the tongue it became clear to some that there were gaps in the vocabulary when compared with ours. Many things and ideas with which we were familiar were absolutely foreign to the Congo Natives, who had thus no words to describe or express them. So there were discussions among the missionaries which gave rise to conversations like the following :

Mr. X. « Why do you use the word *mesa* for table ? That is not a Native word. »

Mr. Y. « I use it because the Natives do so. »

Mr. X. « It is wrong to introduce a foreign word when Natives have one of their own. »

Mr. Y. « We have not introduced it. The Natives had not seen a table such as we use until the Portuguese came among them. They had no name for this new thing so they adopted *mesa*, which was as near to the Portuguese word as they could get. But what is the Native word you think we should use ? »

Mr. X. « They use a specially woven mat which is called *dibaba*. It is placed on the ground for the chiefs. They squat beside it and eat food that is placed on it. »

Mr. Y. « That would teach the Natives that Jesus sat on the ground and ate from a *dibaba*, which is not a true picture. When you translate the passage about the dogs under the table eating the crumbs, what will the Natives think ? If the dogs get *under* the *dibaba* there would be nothing left on it, I fear. »

Mesa won.

Messrs. X and Y had another interesting discussion over another adopted word.

Mr. X. « Why use *mampa* instead of *kwanga*, which is the Native word for bread ? »

Mr. Y. « Because *kwanga* is not bread but simply a poor substitute for it. When the Natives first saw bread it was to them a new thing without a name in their language, so they tried to imitate the Portuguese name. If the Native asks you about manioc grown in Palestine and you tell him there was none he will surely wonder when you say that Jesus took *kwanga* and brake it and said it was His body. Also you will have difficulty in translating leavened and unleavened bread, because there are not the two kinds of *kwanga*. Let us choose between a new word and incorrect instruction. »

The adopted word won.

One more sample. Peter said, « Let us make here three tents. » the word tents was translated *zingo zinkoto*, « house of canvas, » but Mr. Y raised the question as to where Peter proposed to get the canvas on that hill top. He contended that all Peter proposed was to build there shelters of such sticks and grass as could be found nearby — just the sort of shelter that was used out in the gardens and farms by old-time Jews and present-day Natives. These the latter call *zimfwokolo* or *mafwokolko*.

By these incidents you will see that the study of primitive tongues as we had to carry it on was very trying and a work of great patience ; but it was a very interesting task we had in hand, and one of tremendous importance.

A LOWER CONGO NATIVE PALAVER

Desiring to hear Kikongo as spoken at its best I attended a Native court held in Kangampaka's enclosure forty years ago. The subject for discussion was, « Did the defendant kill the dog of the complainant? » The old chief sat on a chair with some of the head men near him on small rugs, while a few lesser personages occupied grass mats and the crowd squatted on the ground.

The complainant was asked to state his case. He was dressed in a black coat, with a loin cloth that trailed on the ground. He knelt, placed his palms together and rubbed the edges of his hands on the ground and turning the hands he transferred the soil from them to his nose. This he did about five times, in token of his great humility in the royal presence. He then clapped his hands six times and waited the signal to rise. This was given by the chief who placed his right hand in the palm of his left, and three times wagged the fingers of his upturned right hand. Rising he began a sing-song talk that included the « time before the white man came to the country, » though this had no connection with the matter in hand. On taking up his complaint he became more animated. In his hand were five palm nuts. Holding up one of these he said « This is the first point of my complaint. » This stated, he laid the nut before the chief. The second and other points were indicated in the same way, and when all were finished he took them up one by one, in each case repeating very briefly the point represented by the nut. All were left in a row before the chief. Again kneeling he repeated the process of transferring dirt to his nose, and clapping his hands six times he waited the signal to rise, which was given by the chief as at the commencement.

The defendant had employed a speaker who now came forward dressed in a long, trailing cloth. He advanced hesitatingly, halting and covering his mouth with his hand. Three times in his approach to the chief he knelt and rubbed dirt on his nose as the other had done. Then rising he began to dance, wrigging his body as a contortionist. He also in a sing-song began as far back in history as he could. In the dancing his cloth trailed behind him and sometimes the train swept over the palm nuts laid down by the complainant and displaced them. As if apologising he each time carefully replaced them. At last his introductory remarks were finished. He stood quite still for a few moments, then picking up the first nut, he examined it and laughed loudly and in derision said, « Mavambo ! » He said that his point was — repeating here the statement of the other man. To that point he made reply and threw away the nut. All five were similarly treated. After that he indulged in a short interval of wriggle and dance and then began his special defence. In his hand he held a branch of a shrub. Breaking off a small piece and holding it up he proceeded as the other had done to indicate his various points. Each portion was laid on the ground and in closing each was lifted and again we were told what it represented. Then kneeling and renewing the dust on his nose and clapping his hands to the chief he was given permission to retire. The complainant approached as at first and picking up the fragments of the branch, he replied to the arguments and threw the bits of stick away in evidence that they were of no importance.

The defendant was allowed a few minutes to close the argument but I did not hear what was the decision of the chief. We know that that depended largely on the question as to which one had privately made the best terms with him. One of the very interesting features of the speech-making was the way in which each speaker held the attention of the audience. The orator did not finish his sentences, but left each final word to be shouted by the crowd. For example, he said, « He hated me so he killed my — » « Dog ! » all shouted in a loud voice. « The owner tried to make the dog bite him, so he struck it with his — » « Stick » cried the audience.

I have heard the same system being used in open air meetings by some missionaries, and admired the attention given by their hearers.

MY NELLIE

One of the „ base things " that confound the mighty.

By the late Rev: Joseph Clark, A.B.F.M.S.

The invalid young woman in Scotland who gave her to me duly instructed her to guard me from the hostile Natives. She was not trained, or only badly so. If I called the dog she generally took into consideration the tone of my voice and what she had been doing. Finding something suspicious in those circumstances she would wag her tail, turn round and amble off in the other direction. When at a safe distance, stopping and looking back, she evidently tried to say, « Wait till the clouds roll by and you will find me near your side. » I have known her to follow for hours on the caravan road without showing herself to me. She had killed somebody's chicken, or torn the coat of some unfriendly dog and she was sure that I had something unpleasant stored up for her. To the Natives she seemed a very fierce animal, as she was much larger than any other dog they has seen.

She had one little trick, and was fond of exhibiting it to Native audiences. When I sat down to rest in a village or market she would bring a small piece of wood (say a foot long) and placing this before me would bark as if saying, « Throw this away so that I may show my cleverness by fetching it for you. »

One day amid loud and angry protests and threats I seated myself in a village. Soon a large crowd collected, one and all demanding that I should turn back down country. I said that my plan was to go the other way, at which they yelled loudly and went for their guns. Before me they loaded their old flintlocks, putting fragments of iron and copper and even small pebbles for shot, while telling my poor scared carriers what they were going to do. I was to be shot, the men made slaves, and our goods divided among the participants in the affair.

I sat there with my head on my hands praying the Lord to direct me. Meantime the women and children were ordered to leave the village. They were proceeding to do this, but many of them passed through the open space in which we were seated, and a crowd of them collected at my left, at the end of a house behind which their pathway led. With their babes and baskets they stopped to have another look at the white man who was causing such an uproar, no doubt wondering if I would give in without fighting.

Nellie was adding to the din by barking in front of me, and I noticed that she had found a suitable baton for exhibit. Telling her to be quiet I again turned to the Lord, entreating Him to direct me, Nellie was not to be denied, but laid the stick on my feet and pushed with her paws. To get rid of her I stooped and picked up the bit of wood, doing so with my left hand. Nellie stood back a little, with every nerve alert to watch the flight of the baton. Some distance away on that side were about eighty of the women and girls now intently watching the big dog.

Without thinking of them, I threw the stick in their direction, and like on arrow from a bow Nellie was after it. Seeing the dog headed for them, they hurriedly concluded that it was time to go. The men, thinking that the women were to be attacked, pointed their guns at the animal, but they dared not fire as they certainly would have wounded their wives. The women tried to turn and flee, but they were so crowded that

they trampled on each other, and falling, dragged others down. In less than a minute thirty or forty women and children were sprawling on the ground, kicking, struggling and howling with fear. Rarely has such a heap of scared and yelling females been seen or heard. They knew that the dog meant to hurt them. But Nellie, paying no heed to the uproar, found her stick, brought it to me and looking up in my face sought praise and another chance to show off.

The men who had thought of shooting the dog carefully laid their guns on the ground and, holding on to each other or folding their arms over their belts, as if to prevent strain, they laughed and shouted with amusement. Some rolled on the ground in their mirth, taking another look from time to time at the now lessening pile of women.

When the uproar had partly subsided, I called an elderly man, and before all I spoke to him of the very rough, unkind reception which I had. I appealed to him as one who had wisdom, and experience in traveling, and said that these younger, noisy people who had talked of fighting a visitor, evidently did not know how to treat strangers. I reminded him that we were weary and hungry, and that we had had nothing to fill us but the noise of those inexperienced and foolish men.

In a few minutes the guns were gone, and chickens, eggs, sweet potatoes and bunches of bananas were before us, some as presents and others for sale. We never again had trouble in that district, but frequently I was asked to let the dog exhibit her little trick, and I was known there as « the dog's white man. »

THEN AND NOW

I am frequently asked, « What have the missionaries done for the Congo people ? » I think that the easiest way for me to answer this question is to tell what we found, and to compare that with present conditions.

In 1880 there were three mission stations in what is called the « Congo valley. » These were Palabala, Banza Manteke and San Salvador, the latter being in Portuguese territory ; while now there are about 135 mission stations in the Congo.

The language had not yet been written as the work was only in its infancy, but now the missionaries have mastered a number of the tongues and have given a literature to many of the tribes, and by the mission schools have fitted the Natives to profit by the messages of the books.

Fetishism of the lowest type held sway there, and no moral sense was evidenced by the Natives. There was but little regard for human life even near the coast and in the interior cannibal feasts were frequently held.

The exportation of slaves had ceased, but domestic slavery was very common. The chiefs of the villages and the witch doctors had tremendous power, and at their word men and women and even little children were cruelly done to death, often under horrible conditions. In recent years the Belgian government has imposed laws upon these peoples forbidding slavery and other evil customs, and by this action has broken the power for cruelty of the chiefs and witch doctors, but the influence and teaching of the missionaries have greatly aided the government in having these laws understood and obeyed by the Natives.

The missionary has seen his work triumph over many obstacles. Languages have been studied, grammatical principles ascertained, vocabularies, grammars, translations and many school books have been published, and above all the word of God taught by the missionaries has taken hold of the minds of many of these people and has wrought marvelous changes in their lives. In villages where in the olden days many people were

slaughtered at the suggestion or command of the witch doctor, you can now find school houses and chapels, and many hundreds of people who have turned from the savage heathen ways of their forefathers, to walk in the new way now revealed to them by the word of God. Kindness and mercy were unknown in the olden days and now, because of their acceptance of the Gospel, many of our Natives can be found engaged in rendering Christian social service to those who are sick or otherwise in need. The old tribal wars have ceased among these now Christian people so that life and property are comparatively secure even in distant inland districts.

A visit to any of our mission stations would quickly convince any one that the presence of and teaching by the missionaries have been of great benefit to the Natives, particularly to those who have been brought under the power of the Gospel of Christ. To see the hundreds of people coming to the mission station seeking to be taught the way of life, in many cases bringing their fetishes and charms, is enough to convince all that a great improvement in the condition of the Native has taken place through the coming of the missionary with his wonderful message about God.

Let me tell you about Ntondo, where we began work thirty years ago. Then every man was a reputed cannibal (but the women were not). Today our station is surrounded by a vigorous and industrious people, decently dressed from the proceeds of their own labor, and no longer thinking of practising cannibalism. Some you will find are carrying with them to the forest or fishing camps their hymn books and Gospels in their own language which they love to read in their times of rest. A short stay at the mission would show the reason for this wonderful change. The frequent Gospel services conducted by the missionaries or by Native Christians tell how the practice of religion has with the Native become a daily matter instead of something reserved for Sunday. You will see where their industrious habits were acquired, for there you find men being trained in the use of the saw and other carpenter's tools, others as brick-makers and masons; some receiving instruction in agriculture, in tailoring or as school teachers, and a few as printers or helpers in the dispensary. The girls are being trained in cleanly habits, in the proper cooking of food, in gardening which they will have to do when they go to homes of their own. They are taught how to keep house and the management and care of little children; how to decently dress themselves, and even to make the garments that will be required by the husbands they will eventually marry. You can find them making mats, baskets and pottery.

Then the missionaries have very much improved the food supply of the Native. They have introduced oranges, grape fruit, mangoes and other fruits ; tomatoes, onions, beans and other vegetables which were unknown till the missionary came, are now in daily use among the Natives. Superior bananas, corn and pineapples brought in by the missionary have taken the place of those that were in use.

They have been shown how to properly care for their chickens and goats, and how to treat some of the diseases of these animals. In everything pertaining to their home life improvements have been suggested, and in many cases these have been carried out. The old-time Native hut was dark, dirty and uncomfortable and, of course, unhealthy. Better houses are being built with larger doors and windows so that they are well lighted and ventilated and in every way more hygienic.

The one thing over which we glory is that we have seen the Gospel of Christ which we have preached to them to be the power of God unto salvation. The wonderful change which we have seen is due primarily to their acceptance of the Gospel, and their desire to do the now — revealed will of God.

In the region of Lac Tumba where thirty years ago no morality was known and murder and cannibalism were of frequent occurrence and where at that time the language had not been written, we have a church membership

of say twelve hundred, many of whom are earnestly serving the Lord in acting as witnesses for Him. Of the more intelligent there are those who have rendered splendid help to the missionaries in the translation of the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and other portions of the Bible in the Lontomba tongue. There has been even greater success in some other districts. For example in the Sona Bata field since 1920 about eleven thousand have joined the church. In 1880 among the 15 millions of Natives in Congo-land, there was not one Christian, but now there are at least 100,000 who are either members of the church, or who are registered as enquirers.

I am in hopes that by the foregoing notes you will be led to see with us that God by the agency of the missionaries has done much for the betterment of the Congo Native. The change has been wonderful, but it is difficult for those at home to appreciate it. It is only clearly seen by those who are or have been in contact with these peoples.

MISSION WORK AND TEACHING AT NTONDO

We found the people sunk in the grossest heathenism. They had no object of worship. They feared only evil spirits, and the possibility of being bewitched by neighbors possessed of evil power. They had very vague ideas of an existence after death. They thought the world had been made by some one but did not know if the maker was dead or alive. They considered certain acts of their enemies toward them as bad, or not good, but the idea of sin was undeveloped.

We waited long for God's Spirit to convince them of sin and when He opened the eyes of some, our greatest difficulty was removed. It was then comparatively easy to lead them to know that the One against whom they had sinned had in His great love provided a Saviour. One of the very early examples of this was of a persecutor of inquirers and converts who was found face down in a shallow trench crying aloud in mental agony and who, when questioned as to why he was there, said it was because he was afraid of God. He wanted to hide himself from a God who might punish him for the wrong he had done, but learned that his sin had been laid on Jesus, the substitute.

We believe and have taught Luke's story of the birth of the Christ. We are satisfied that the « beloved physician, » a scientist, knew the absolute correctness of his statements. Because of this we do not present Jesus to our people as simply a « grand example » to be followed, but as the only Saviour, the Divine Lord to be worshipped as God's only son and to be lovingly and implicitly obeyed.

Realizing that their salvation is based on the wondrous love and sacrifice of Jesus, there comes into their hearts a desire to do His will. They learn to love Him who so loved them. There comes to them longing to overcome evil through and for Him. To present to them Jesus as a « grand example » would never inspire them to turn from sin and to bear grievous burdens and to suffer for Him as many of them have done.

We teach that the Lord said, « Ye shall be my witnesses », and they accept service not merely as a duty but also as a wonderful privilege which brings a reward in this life and will give glorious satisfaction in that which is to come. All are expected to be able to tell to others how and why they came to Jesus. In rendering aid to the sick, they are instructed that their help is to be given in the name of their Lord so that their « social service » becomes Christian social service and helps to extend the Kingdom of our Saviour. Because Jesus said, « I will come again » and « Lo, I come quickly, » they have been taught to be watchful. I am sure that though only the simplest elements of

this subject have been taught them, it has been of great service to many if not to all of our people.

We have never hesitated to teach that the creation of man was a separate act from that of animals. An official frequently told some of the Congo people that they had descended from monkeys. One day they showed him the skin of a large black monkey and asked if that was the kind from which their forefathers had sprung. He replied that it was. They then produced a young chimpanzee which they had caught and showed him the white skin clearly seen below the fur, also the white palms of the hand, and asked if this was the kind of monkey from which the white man had sprung. His reply was not a fit matter for report, and they left his presence very speedily. I have not heard of any other case of substituting such a theory in our field for the plain statement of the word of God.

Many of our people are giving a tithe of their incomes to the Lord. Even women who have no regular wage, when selling their garden produce set aside God's portion. Four of our young men have this year been supporting two Native evangelists, and in other ways service is being rendered to the Lord. I have visited all but one of our mission stations on the Congo, and listened to the Native helpers, and never once have I heard any statement made that, as a Fundamentalist, I could not endorse. This makes our mission a unit so that we can have Native preachers from our stations go to any other without danger of having the teaching of the one contradict the views taught in the other. From the keen way in which some of our young folks take up the theological and other points of the Roman Catholic doctrines, I am sure we would quickly learn if there were any serious differences in the instruction given in our various stations.

A DAY'S WORK

As Dr. Ostrom had charge of our church service of Sunday, the 20th of March, (three or four years ago, this was) I was free to go to our outpost at Motaka. On Saturday I arranged for a canoe and paddlers. Sunday at 7.30 a.m., I started off with one deacon to assist in the preaching and at the Communion service. In a few minutes we were passing the beach where another of our deacons lives. Seeing him we asked if he cared to accompany and help us and at once he went off to get his Gospels and hymn book and fortunately he brought a bailer and two more paddlers.

The lake was rough but we had the wind and waves in our favor. But the wind increased and canoe travelling became less enjoyable. We then found a use for the bailer which the deacon brought with him. We had now to cross the lake and of course got the full force of the storm. The waves were reduced in violence by a regular tropical downpour of rain. I was wrapped up in my waterproof and had a good umbrella so that I was dry, but all the paddlers and the deacons were emphatically « wets ». We had about two hours of this with the bailer busy all the time. The rain gave way to sunshine when we were about a mile from the Motaka beach, at which we arrived at 11 a.m. — just three and a half hours of a rough run. We were seen and recognized as a mission party, and quite a number of people were on the beach to meet us. They were joyfully singing one of our hymns.

As I viewed that decently dressed and happy crowd I could look back to the past years and wonder at what God had done among them. What a wonderful change had taken place ! Near to where these Christians were singing to welcome us was where long ago I was roughly seized and led to the

enclosure of the chief, while Mrs. Clark landed there with our baby in her arms to create a diversion in my favor. A white woman and especially a white child were objects of great interest to them as these were the first they had seen. The women wanted to take the infant in their arms but Mrs. Clark told them that with the red paint with which they were liberally decorated they would make his clothes dirty. To this they made the amusing reply, « Mama, take his clothes off then. » At this place a fierce fight occurred some years ago when two State officers and a number of black soldiers were killed. A few years after that event I had a baptismal service at the same beach, when the first-fruits of our Gospel work in the district were gathered into the church.

I met two others of our deacons at Mataka. One was on his way to Tondo after a ten weeks' tour among our outposts. Over seventy sat at the Lord's table with us. Two deacons with myself addressed the assembly.

I visited among the Motaka people until 3.30 p.m. and then thinking that the weather was moderating I suggested going to another outpost, named Ngero Bomboa, about four miles away. To cross the bay I chose a sheltered but long course while in a smaller canoe two deacons took the more direct way. We had gone about half a mile when the wind increased to a gale driving the waves with great force, and the bailer was again of great service. The deacons in the other canoe had a hard time as they were exposed to the full force of the waves and of the wind sweeping over twenty miles of lake. They had good paddlers, lake men who were accustomed to rough water ; but I was glad when I saw that God had brought them safely through the storm. As the two deacons stood before me well-nigh spent with paddling for over an hour against the gale, with the water trickling out of their hair and dripping from their clothing, I compared them with easily discouraged workers in the home land.

I had my Minneapolis thermos bottle with me and after I had had a warm cup of tea the people assembled for a service. Again two of the deacons joined with me in a message to the unconverted which was simply « Come to Jesus just now, » and in teaching the assembled Christians.

After the paddlers had eaten and rested it was still too rough for us to proceed. Appointing one to watch the weather, the others lay down and slept. In my deck chair I followed their example, but woke after 11 p.m. and found that the wind had almost ceased. The men were called and all thought that as we had a calm lake we should go on to Tondo. We were certainly at fault about the calm for as soon as we had passed a sheltering headland we again found ourselves in very rough water. From that point we had to cross the lake, which meant fully an hour and a half of an uncomfortable experience. The rest of the run to our Tondo beach was easy as we had the shelter of the land, and we reached home after 2 a.m. on Monday — happy and none the worse for the pitching and rolling.

IN PERILS OFT

In 1880 Mr. McCall left Mr. Lanceley and myself at a village called Bemba on the north side of the Congo river. He had to go down river to Matadi to meet new missionaries and to plan for our expected advance. He left us hoping that in about two months he would return with reinforcements, but we never again saw him for he was forced by deadly illness to leave the country and died at Madeira on the way home.

For months we two waited for news of him till nearly nine had passed, and then some Natives said that a canoe was in sight and that they thought a white man was in it.

In twenty minutes it arrived at our beach and Mr. Frederickson stepped out, getting a hearty greeting from us.

While he told us of reinforcements he gave us the news of Mr. McCall's having to leave, and other depressing matters, and he brought a letter from Mr. Richards of Banza Manteke telling of continued sickness of his wife and asking for certain drugs.

I found that by going some distance by canoe Banza Manteke could be reached in one day, while overland the journey would take three. Desiring to help as much as possible I asked some Natives if they could take me by canor to a village not far from Banza Manteke. They asked as if astonished, « Do you want to go that way ? » I replied that I did and they said that next morning they would be ready.

We got off about 7 a.m. and all went well till near the mouth of the Kwilu, when a discussion arose as to where we should shoot the rapids. The river is nearly a mile wide there and we were about in the center. I asked what the trouble was and they replied that they were not agreed as to where the safe channel was. I asked where they had passed before and they calmly said that they had never gone through the rapids but always close to the shore. I asked them why they were now about to go through the dangerous part and they replied that they understood I wanted to go quickly !

We were now so near the rapids and so far from the shore that I dared not ask them to make a change, so we went on. Mr. Frederickson had brought us a sack of mail and in it was a new hymn book. I had been attracted by a hymn « I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness, » and now the waves ahead of us seemed to be singing it I laid aside jacket and shoes and so on so as to be ready for a struggle in the wild water. To my astonishment as the head of the canoe dipped over the slight fall the paddlers threw themselves flat in the bottom of the canoe, and though we shipped much water they remained so till we floated into calm water. As there were three separate rapids, this process was three times repeated in possibly fifteen minutes.

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Looking Both Ways : To What He Has Done, and to What He Will Do.

(Written well over a decade ago by this Scotchman of experience and of vision.)

To me it seems but a little time since in 1880 I landed at Banana which was then the port for the great Congo valley. But when one marks the many changes that have taken place, the « little time » is seen to be a period of tremendous importance in the history of this land and in the progress of God's plan for this world. The following are some of the « pictures » that spring up in my mind illustrative of this.

At that time no ocean-going steamers attempted to ascend the Congo ; they anchored at Banana in sight of the ocean. Very few vessels other than those from Liverpool called there. The Dutch trading company and Sir Henry M. Stanley had each a small steam launch which occasionally made trips up river, the latter to near Vivi (opposite and slightly above the present site of Matadi), where Stanley then made his headquarters. On my first trip from Banana to Boma I was six days in a large Portuguese sailing boat loaded with poorly dried fish from the coast. Probably not more than 18 deep-sea steamers visited the port in a year.

There was no police force, no law courts, no postoffice — because there was no government.

The roads to the interior were untrodden by the white man except that to San Salvador where Comber and others of the B.M.S. had gone, and only Stanley had made his one journey from east to west on the north side of the lower Congo cataract region. Roads then did not lead from village to village, but to a common market center, and most of the Natives journeyed no further than to the nearest market places as there was always danger in the other villages. The Natives were suspicious and even aggressive, and from what they had learned or heard of the white man they desired that stranger to remain on the coast.

Life among the Natives was very hard and hopeless for the many, and even for the favored few it was full of uncertainty. Accusations of « witchcraft » and resulting violent deaths were very common, and even babes were involved in this horrible sacrifice of life. On my first journey up the Palabala hill (a few miles from the present site of Matadi) I saw but recently calcined bones of a man burnt at a stake by order of the old chief ; and many a time I heard signals telling of witchcraft ordeals, and later those telling the number and the sex of the victims who had been executed. Cases of offenders being buried alive in market places were not uncommon, and generally a branch of a certain tree, driven down through the head of the « culprit » was left to grow and keep in memory the fate of the person as a warning to others having evil powers or habits.

Exportation of slaves had been put down but domestic slavery was in full swing, and the owner could do as he liked with or to his slaves. One horrible feature of this was the burial alive of widows and slaves with the body of a chief. Near our mission in the early days nine slaves were buried alive in one such grave. Some had their legs broken to render them helpless.

There were then only two Protestant missions in the country : the Baptist Missionary Society of Britain, and the Livingstone Inland Mission that later was taken over by the American Northern Baptists. There were but three established mission stations with less than 20 missionaries, all studying one language. There were translations, nor church members from among the Natives.

At the present date there are two regular passenger lines running to Matadi, and the flags of at least six nations are frequently seen on steamers coming to this port where the railway takes up the work of carrying men and goods to the heart of Africa.

Now we have a government which imposes a code of laws on both black and white With a colony in its infancy we recognize the enormous difficulties of imposing laws on hitherto unhampered and law-less Natives ; of raising up and thoroughly training an intelligent and effective police force, and in developing a general sentiment in favor of honest and lawful behavior. But a good beginning has been made, and we have much reason to think that the good we have seen will increase continually as more knowledge of the Native is gained and as the Native begins to realize of what value an intelligent and sympathetic government is to him.

Another great advance will be noted on examination of maps published half a century ago and comparison with those issued in recent years. Then the greater part of what is now the Belgian and the French Congo was marked, « Desert and uninhabited, » whereas now paths and villages are shown by the thousand, and the white man has been in them all.

Everywhere conditions of Native life have greatly improved. The government has suppressed the little wars between separate villages. I remember seeing two fatally wounded women, brought in from a nearby garden, with barbed arrows in their bodies. They had been attacked by men of a neighboring village because a slave from it had found refuge in the village of these women. On another occasion I saw an innocent stranger who had been fatally wounded with spears and arrows because it was thought that a man from his town had stolen a canoe belonging to this. That condition is at an end, as the state has severely punished such offences.

Except in very remote places cannibalism and witchcraft trials have passed away, and can, for fear of the « law », only occur in the most secret manner possible. Domestic slavery exists in a very small and modified measure, but chiefly now it refers to girls. They are not called slaves, nor in the event of their becoming widows can they be « sent away » with the body of a chief.

When we turn to what has taken place in religious and spiritual matters the changes are even more wonderful. The two missions now number about twenty. The three stations have become about a hundred, and the

twenty missionaries about four hundred, and they are assisted by nearly 7,000 Native evangelists and school teachers. The gospel was being haltingly taught in the Kikongo tongue, and now the Good News is being haltingly taught in at least forty languages. The whole Bible is being read in several tongues, the Gospels in a number of the others, and there is a host of scripture portions, religious and school books in the various languages in use.

With our Christian doctors and trained nurses, our hospitals and dispensaries, printing presses and training schools in addition to the purely evangelistic work, one cannot fail to see that God is doing great things for this needy field, and we are by these assured that He is planning great things for it in the coming days.

We rejoice in the great mass of people who are crowding our dispensaries and schools and who thus come under gospel influences ; but we praise the Lord with full hearts when we think of our almost 56,000 church members, of approximately 36,000 registered as enquirers. *Surely the Lord hath done great things.*

We have had abundant evidence of the sincerity of our converts as we think of the trials they have endured from their own people. Some have even given up life rather than turn from following Jesus. Also it is encouraging to note that about 1500 of the Native evangelists and many of the school teachers are supported by the gifts of the Native church. Out of their little they gave in a year Fr 126,207.00, and this in addition to much free service rendered to the Lord in carrying on the work of the churches.

What are His plans for this field ?

Surely great things — greater in the future than in the past. May we have grace to work with him.

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From a letter written in 1882, by Joseph Clark, from Congo, to his mother in Scotland :

Palabala, 13th June 1882. ...Please do write me more often — more especially now that all my old companions are gone from here when Mr. Harvey leaves. Mrs. Richards, McKergow, McCall and Lanceley all gone to heaven and now Mr. Harvey home to England. Now don't think I'm despondent — not a bit. In spite of all, the Lord enables me to keep a heart at ease. Nothing troubles me but for a moment. 'Tis true I often in thought wander over the blessed past, but I never regret having come here — *not even for a moment.* I love Africa. I am growing to know its people better and some of them I like very much — the children especially... Praise the Lord, He is as it were gradually untying my tongue in this language and my soul rejoices. I am His, I want to serve Him — I want to bring souls to Jesus' feet and soon I pray the words we have been teaching our people will bring forth fruit in their conversion.

...I am very glad you are pleased with the young lady I hope to call my wife. I believe it is of the Lord.

From a letter written to Dr. Byrne, of Chicago, Jan. 5, 1930 :

Ntondo, January 5, 1930. My time is about finished. It is planned that we sail from Matadi about the close of April for the homeland having completed 50 years as a Congo missionary. It seems so little to do for the Lord that if it were the will of God I would gladly make other 50 years at it. Yet I am glad to say that something has been accomplished.

« When I think of the old home in Scotland where I was born, the home of a factory laborer, I wonder at the great grace of the Lord that kept me and made me desire to rise above what I saw around me. I first worked on a farm at less than 11 years of age, and before I was 12 I started in a factory. I did not know what I was striving for till after my conversion. Night school attracted me, then the Free Church of Scotland opened classes for working students and taught Greek, Latin, and theology, of which I availed myself. My home lay nearly five miles from where the classes were held. I could take train to less than a mile from the class rooms but

returning I had the long weary tramp over a country road to take generally after ten at night, and having been at work at 6 o'clock in the morning usually was very tired. The classes were held in winter and the snow on the rough road made the way seem very long. I finally completed at the examinations for a place as a customs officer and being successful my occupation was changed.

I stayed fully three years as an officer and then applied to Dr. Guinness (senior) for admission to the London Missionary Training school which he was then conducting, and after examination was accepted.

The next thing of importance was my attendance with other three at a large gathering in a Congregational Church in Leicester where we were formally set apart (ordained) for the work of the Lord. That was in December 1879. Early in 1880 we expected to sail but various delays took place and we landed on the Congo the 22 of April.

THE REV. PETER FREDERICKSON

One by one the early Congo veterans are answering the Heavenly roll call and going Home to rest. Quick to come to Congo after the way was opened was Peter Frederickson. The last term he and Mrs. Frederickson spent in Congo lasted six years and ended in July 1921. To quote Mrs. Frederickson's words written after her husband's death on December 7, 1929, « ...and in 1922, when Mr. Frederickson was 75 years old, they retired us ! » That expresses it exactly. Never would that stalwart couple have « retired » themselves — « they retired us ! »

Mr. Frederickson was 82 a fortnight before his death ; on November 28 his anniversary was celebrated. Many letters poured in upon them and greetings from near and far. But, his wife writes, « he grew weaker and longed to go Home. He did not suffer. His was a golden sunset. He enjoyed greatly the **CONGO MISSION NEWS** and the *Congo News Letter,* and every book on Africa, and daily he took notes to use in his lectures... » Bed-ridden and growing weaker, but « every day he took notes to use in his lectures. » That was the spirit that dominated his whole Congo service.

Mrs. Frederickson continues living in their Pasadena, California, home (964 West Sierra Bonita Ave.), her youngest daughter living with her. Their other three daughters reside nearby, and their son and his family in Wisconsin. Mrs. Frederickson rejoices in the fact that her nephew, Dr. Algernon S. Smith, her sister's son born in China, is serving with the Church Missionary Society in Ruanda-Urundi.

TWO CHUMS

By Mrs. Peter Frederickson, A.B.F.M.S. (Retired).

(Expecting to produce a Jubilee issue in honor of Mr. Clark, the editors had written to Mr. Frederickson asking him to write an appreciation of the life of Mr. Clark. Mr. Frederickson had died before he received the letter. Mrs. Frederickson wrote the following before learning of Mr. Clark's death.)

These two old pioneers, Mr. Clark and Mr. Frederickson, were true chums. Distances and time could not part them. Mr. and Mrs. Clark were the first to bid us welcome

in 1887 at Palabala when I first arrived in Congo. There we worked with them for a year and a half. Mr. Clark taught me to use the typewriter and gave me my first lessons in photography.

Those early days the missionaries at Palabala had their meals with Mr. and Mrs. Clark. We were eight of us together, and all missionaries going up country and coming down were entertained at Palabala. Mr. Clark's good humor and Mrs. Clark's motherly ways cheered us all as we sat at meat together.

We had been married just a few months and had brought everything for our own housekeeping. The other missionaries followed our example. One day Mr. Clark told us that, now he too could have good things to eat and Mrs. Clark and he could have an egg every day !

In August 1887 there was a lot of sickness about. Twelve out of seventy had died in the little village back of us since the death of the big chief, Noso, in June. There is no doubt that several persons had been poisoned and put out of the way. Some of these were his wives and one was his little nephew, Kala Mfumu, who died at our station. On the day the witch doctor drummed, the whole village gathered together to find another witch. Mr. Clark and Mr. Frederickson went over to quiet the people and warn the wicked witch doctor.

In November every one of the missionaries had been ill at some time or another. Mr. Frederickson was still in bed seriously ill with 104 F. temperature and Mr. Clark had dysentery and it was decided by Dr. Fleming that he be sent home to save his life. He and Mrs. Clark had just been back eight months. I went over to his hammock to say good-bye and seeing how weak and pale he was, I never expected to see him again. When Mr. Frederickson heard that his companion had been carried away, he was much troubled, since he could not be out to say good-bye. They took him down to Mukimvika, first, and there he rallied and was able to return to us, so God raised them up again to long years of great service for Him.

In 1889 we were asked to go to Banza Manteke so that Mr. and Mrs. Richards could go on furlough. In 1890 Mr. Frederickson and Mr. Broholm went to open the Sona Bata field, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark went to open the hard field at Lac Tumba in 1893.

When Ikoko station was laid out, Mrs. Clark planted 70 palm kernels and prayed that for each one there might be a convert from heathenism to faith in Jesus Christ. A few years afterwards, when we visited Ikoko, we had the pleasure to sit down with seventy Christian men and women at the Lord's table.

It was a treat to listen to Mr. Clark's stories of his travels in England and the United States and about the many friends he made for our mission. We were enriched in spirit by these friends and their Christian fellowship.

REV. PETER FREDERICKSON AT REST

By the Rev. Paul C. Metzger, A.B.F.M.S.

Our hearts are sad indeed and yet rejoicing at the translation of our beloved co-laborer here in Congo, the Rev. Peter Frederickson. Now he is in the fullness of that new life in Jesus which he began so many years ago. I shall never forget my first contact with this buoyant little man in whom there were truly springs of living water, ever bubbling up with new ideas and enthusiasm.

« Uneducated little sailor, » the Jesuits called him when he fought and defeated them in behalf of the so-called Congo orphans of twenty-five years ago ; orphans

who had become little less than slaves. Well is he called the father of the orphans. They might have added « soldier, » also, for he had been a non-commisioned officer in the Danish army. These Jesuits had not heard of Peter the fisherman and of course not of Carey the cobbler.

I saw and heard him for the first time at a conference in Leopoldville in January, 1906. He read a paper on church organization opposing centralization on the station and advocating churches in the district, thrusting the responsibility upon the Natives. Mr. Hall opened the discussion very eloquently by picturing the structure he was building of granite with columns which would stand for eternity. He would have none of these buildings of wood and stubble which the first African hurricane would destroy. Thus he went on at some length Mrs. Frederickson nudging her husland and making sure that he understood, for he was hard of hearing (eighty grains of quinine a day in fever had done that).

When the time for closing the discussion came, he rose, pad in hand, saying, « Evidently I have been misunderstood. I do not speak English perfectly [though he spoke only with a slight accent]. I believe in building for eternity also, but this is not America or Europe. We do not build of granite but we go into the forest and cut a pole, plant it in the ground and it grows. The columns of which I am building my church are living columns. They will grown. » We sat down while the friends clapped wildly. This was twenty-four years ago, but only at our last conference did we adopt the plan of church organization promulgated by Mr. Frederickson.

organization promulgated by Mr. Frederickson.

The secret of Mr. Frederickson's success is that he trusted the Natives, was patient with them in failure, but made them bear the burdens of the work. Mr. Frederickson laid the foundations of the present revival in the Sona Bata field by his persistent friendly, fatherly pressure upon his children in the faith to try their wings. He trusted them and they loved him. He was ably assisted in all this by Mr. MacDiarmid and later by Mr. Moody. He saw the first fruits of the revival before he left in 1921 and shouts of rejoicing reached his California home.

On one occasion he advocated a medical college for Congo Native doctors to be located at Leopoldville. Our Congo medical staff at the time thought it far beyond that which could be attempted with the material in hand. When they set high standards of entrance necessary, he laughed at them, saying, « American schools have not always been of that high standard, have they ? We must begin where we are and push on up. Congo can never be entirely reached by white physicians any more than by white preachers. » What he had in mind was the training of men who could treat the common Congo diseases, especially sleeping sickness. He believed in high aims and names, so would call them doctors. The state now trains such men, as do some of our hospitals, but had we commenced then we would be much in advance of other forces, and many lives at our stations would have been saved.

What an indefatigable man he was, tramping the road at seventy, climbing on the walls of the church building being erected at Sona Bata at seventy-two, and anxious to return to Congo at seventy-eight ! A faithful witness everywhere of the new life in Jesus, which God had given to him and which he wished to share with others. Beside him stood a noble wife supplying some qualities which he lacked. She was always a loving helpmeet. May we younger missionaries remain true to the spirit, devotion, zeal, vision, enthusiasm and the old gospel which Mr. Frederickson preached.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

This summer's tour of the Hampton Institute choir through Europe has brought forth many public expressions of warm appreciation of the beauty, the artistry and the great heart-pull of their singing.

The British and continental colonial papers have carried a good many columns about it. Interviewed on every hand, that capable colored musician, Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett, has given snatches of history of and interpreted American Negro music to a wide general public which has known but little of it — and that little jazz !

« Ambassadors of song, » one colonial writer calls them in « West Africa » for May 10, and goes on to describe the Westminster occasion :

« How fine was the scene on Sunday at the Abbey when after Evensong the Hampton Choir moved reverently down the Nave to pay homage at the memorial of David Livingstone, friend of the Negro, champion of liberty. They sang a famous spiritual, « Don't be weary traveller », in which the tenor solo suddenly interpolated intones the phrase :

Take My yoke upon you
And learn of Me.

« And again at the close of the fugato come the words :

And ye shall find rest
Unto your souls.

« I have seen many scenes and ceremonials in the Abbey, but none more impressive than this when the descendants of slaves out of Africa sang in the presence of the Dean of Westminster, his Canons and choir, and a great multitude of Londoners. The wreath placed on the tomb was a chaplet of bays, and sprigs of heath, bound with a broad blue and white ribbon inscribed with the words From the Hampton Choir, in grateful remembrance of David Livingstone.

« The tour of the Hampton Choir is not profit-making, it is one of goodwill and education. From Londo they go to Brussels, to Paris, to Germany, Holland, Switzerland. Through music the African rare throughout the world will conquer much misunderstanding and prejudice.

« One would wish Godspeed to this embassy of song. In Washington President Hoover heard the choir. In Whitehall the British Premier and his daughter formed a special audience. The President of France, the President of the German Republic will do them honour.

« Of the Hampton Choir this paraphrase of Fletcher's familiar saying may surely be written : Let who will make the laws that govern mankind, we will sing songs to run the goodwill of all the world ! »

* * *

This tour, together with Roland Hayes' concerts, Countee Cullen's readings of his own poems, Paul Robeson's acclaimed playing of *Othello* in London, and other events, are giving Europe a closer contact with some of the best in art and literature that is steadily developing among that dark tenth which forms so valuable a part of America's population.

* * *

To replace MM. Hauzeur and F. Beissel, resigned, as members of the Belgian commission for the protection of the Natives, the king has been pleased to appoint M. Charles Dupont, of the Huileries du Congo Belge, and M. Aimé Van de Casteele, of the Texaf.

* * *

To replace the Revs. A. F. Hensey and Emory Ross, resigned, as legal representative and alternate legal representative respectively of the Disciples of Christ Congo mission, the mission has elected the Rev. W. H. Edwards as legal representative, and and the Revs. D. A. Byerlee and P. D. Snipes as alternates.

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Dr. and Mme. Albert Schweitzer are back in Gabon, the latter after twelve years' absence.

* * *

The report of the 1930 Foreign mission conference of North America, recently published, shows among other boards connected with the conference the following which have work in Congo, the figures being their income in 1928 and their expenditures in Africa for that year :

	Income	Expends. in Africa
Seventy-Day Adventist	$ 5,063,554	$ 344,322
Assemblies of God	240,330	18,933
American Baptist	1,690,765,	77,777
American Baptist, Women	568,595	—
Brethren Church	39,572	17,897
Christian & Missionary Alliance	748,862	63,922
Disciples of Christ	753,468	101,606
Methodist, North	3,643,446	263,345
Methodist, North, Women	2,415,693	55,082
Methodist, South	971,743	52,601
Methodist, South, Women	640,703	14,973
Presbyterian, South	1,171,451	192,201
Africa Inland Mission	156,608	173,699
Plymouth Brethren	—	—
Menonites	—	—

* * *

The $ 5,063,554 in missionary contributions by the Seventh-Day Adventists in 1928 is by far the largest total contribution to any missionary organization in North America. The Presbyterians (North) are next with $ 4,696,967, and the Methodists (North) are third, $ 3,643,446.

A further interesting comparison is that from living donors the three churches above received respectively $ 4,982,962, $ 3,996,071 and $ 3,267,681, while their income from other sources (legacies, trusts, investments, etc.) was respectively as follows : $ 80,592, $ 700,896 and $ 375,765. Living Adventists gave a flat million more than living Presbyterians. When one casts up a rough estimate of the comparative wealth of the two groups the difference is all the more striking.

But the most amazing thing of all, from the human standpoint, is to read the above sums of money in connection with the following membership figures (remembering however that the membership figures are for a number of bodies of the same denomination, whereas the incomes quoted are each for a single body ; even so the difference is sufficiently striking) :

	Bodies	Communicants
Adventists	5	159,787
Presbyterians	9	2,698,132
Metodists	16	9,162,280

* * *

The third biennial conference on medical missions, reported with the foreign missions conference, was held at Clifton Springs, New York, on Feb. 20-23, 1930. Dr. J. C. King, A.B.F.M.S., Sona Bata, was a member of the committee on organization of the conference, and he and Dr. Catherine L. Mabie both presented papers to the conference. Dr. Mabie's was on medical training among primitive people ; besides giving a very clear picture of what she has been so effectively doing in lower Congo, notably at Kimpese, and what other Protestant missions in Congo are attempting, she set forth the excellent cooperation that exists between the Belgian government's medical service and that of the Protestant missions.

Dr. King presented an information and documented paper on sleeping sickness, done up in a compact form that makes it a valuable reference paper on the history, progress and combatting of this dread disease.

* * *

The many friends of Mrs. Milton J. Shirk, of Chicago, are distressed at the news of the very serious impairment of her sight. No one who saw her in Africa at the time of the Congo Jubilee in 1928 can shake off the impression left by her daily of the victory of mind and spirit and intelligence over mere accumulating years. It is to be hoped that the operation which impended will be completely successful in restoring the threatened sight.

* * *

The Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission, South, wishes it announced in Congo that its sternwheel steamer *Texas* is at the mission

beach at Lusambo, District du Sankuru, for sale. It is of 20 tons burden, fitted with engines of 22.4 h.p. It has four passenger cabins and is in good running condition.

SOME NOTES ON CATHOLIC EFFORTS

The Benedictine monks are establishing an abbey in the Katanga at Kapolowe, between Elisabethville and Panda, where at the beginning a dozen priests are to be assigned for the establishment of a normal school and of both a lower and an upper seminary. Following the Benedictine tradition, scientific research will not be neglected; here it will concern itself largely with geology and with the battle against microbes.

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For the construction of a Catholic church at Albertville, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, a committee has been formed headed by the Commissaire de district and including the presiding judge, the procureur du Roi, the officer commanding the troops, the principal medical officer, the directors of two railways, and others.

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A dispatch from Brussels announces that the patronage of King Albert, the prime minister and others has been secured to assure that the new Catholic cathedral of Leopoldville may be promptly erected. The site provided by the government is near the governor general's future palace at Kalina, the attractive new residential section of Congo's capital city.

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Among other items in the Belgian colonial budget for the coming year are the following two :

For the Catholic church at Léopoldville-Est	Fr 600,000.
For building at the industrial school operated by the Catholics at Léopoldville-Ouest	130,000.

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In connection with the above industrial school, one recalls an incident which occurred last year. The Leopoldville chamber of commerce criticised strongly the mission for selling quantities of furniture and other products of the school on the open market in competition with commercial concerns which were far from enjoying the subsidies, freedom from taxes, and other aids accorded the mission. The head of the school called on the president of the chamber of commerce, stated that the school cost them some Fr 650,000 annually to run, that they received some Fr 50,000 in government subsidies, and proposed that the chamber of commerce request another Fr 600,000 in subsidies from the government for the school, upon receipt of which the school would cease selling on the open market in competition with commercial firms and would send its furniture, etc., up country to its other missions or dispose of it otherwise. The president of the chamber of commerce suggested that it would seem more fitting, possibly, for the request for such an increased subsidy to come from the mission itself rather than the chamber of commerce, and the matter appears to have been left there.

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The budget items mentioned above appear not to include the Fr 1,500,000 being mentioned as the probable cost of a residence which it is proposed that the Belgian government should build to house the new papal apostolic delegate to Congo Belge who has recently arrived at Leopoldville.

For a day or two after his arrival he and his secretary lodged in the ample compounds of the local Catholic mission, but he then decided that it would be preferable for him to occupy a government house in the government quarter at Kalina. He hid so, but in all truth the house assigned him would appear

to leave something to be desired for one in his position. It was actually the last house in the extreme back corner of this really chic quarter the government is building up, in about the lowest-lying spot of the whole little suburb, with the public works' yards and workshops and the printing office and warehouse as neighbors. And the house itself was of the pre-Kalina style descriptively known as the « metal carcass type, » decidedly drab in comparison to the attractive new bungalows and quasi-mansions that are going up by the dozen in this new government residential quarter. Of a truth the papal coat of arms and the Vatican flag displayed at the front of the house had a rather less than imposing background.

Before many days had passed it was unofficially but upon good authority reported that the government's architects and surveyors were at work upon plans for a more suitable establishment in a better location, overlooking the beautiful expanse of Stanley Pool, it was said, and in proximity to the governor general's future palace. It was in this connection that the sum of Fr 1,500,000 was mentioned.

In the meantime it is reported that soon after Mgr. Dellepiane returns from his present air trip to the Kasai and elsewhere as a colony passenger and for a part of the time in company with the governor of the province, he will be housed in a new residence now being hurried to completion, overlooking the Pool and originally intended for one of the high aides of the governor general.

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It was but a few years ago that Roman Catholics themselves expressed to us the feeling that their missions in Congo were by way of being somnolent and rather numb, if one may use the term. But that was a few years back. Since then as, apparently, all over the world, a great change has taken place in Congo. Personnel has probably never been lacking at home. If it was insufficient money that kept that personnel from being sent to foreign fields, seemingly insufficiency has been turned into sufficiency in recent days. The Italian settlement has probably helped.

All boats sailing for Congo bring more Catholic missionaries — sometimes a score, sometimes tens , sometimes a quartette, but always some. We can't but rejoice to see a Christian organization so active and so numerous in its foreign missionary enterprise. What a contrast it is to the Protestant effort in Congo these days, with static or falling budgets at home and all that that entails !

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The colonial papers every week tell of new Catholic developments, and government publications report dozens of new land grants to catholic missions all over Congo Belge. Our impression is, without actual count, that latterly there are eight or ten grants to Catholic missions for every one to Protestants. And as the government makes serious effort to be impartial in land grants to missions, we must needs conclude that requests for new land, and hence, roughly, expansion, are in about the same proportion. Say then, conservatively, that Roman Catholic missions in Congo Belge are expanding five times as fast as Protestant missions.

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This is in rather striking contrast to figures on 1929 church growth in the United States, for example. The Roman Catholics, with a total membership of some 17,000,000, gained only 84,000 adherents. On the other hand, among Protestants the Baptists with 9,000,000 gained 53,000 ; the Lutherans with nearly 3,000,000 gained 63,000 ; the Presbyterians with 2,700,000 gained 59,000 ; the Disciples of Christ with 2,000,000 gained 34,000 ; and so on.

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It must be noted carefully, however, that in the item second above it was *territorial* expansion that was dealt with as regards Congo, while from the United States it was *membership* gains that were cited. We are by no means to believe that Catholicism is bringing the salvation that is in Christ Jesus to five times as many Congolese as the Protestant missions, or even that they are

making five times as many nominal converts. Accuracy is not possible at present in calculating these figures — and even if it were it might be misleading ! For as between these two great branches of the Christian church in Congo, the measurement as to what constitutes a Christian convert varies so importantly as to reduce the worthwhileness of any comparison of membership figures. The impression grows upon us through the years, however, that evangelical Christianity proves itself once again, in Congo and in actual result, the real key to transformed lives, to spiritual awakening and to personal and social regeneration.

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Reverting to Congo land grants : the policy of the Belgian government is to give land without cost to missions in Congo, with a clause in the grant to the effect that the land must be used for mission purposes, that it cannot be mortgaged, sold or otherwise disposed of without government consent, and that the government may reclaim it if for reasons not approved by the government it is left unoccupied for a given length of time. Knowing the valid reasons behind this policy, including the fear of certain church interests building up great landed holdings as has been done in some other places, Protestant missions admit its fairness when universally applied and never attempt to go behind its provisions. This despite the fact that at times they would much prefer to purchase outright a bit of property and receive a clear title to it as an individual or a commercial firm might.

Recently Mgr. Joseph Sak, Congo apostolic prefect of the upper Luapula, applied in his own name, personally, for some 2000 hectares of land in the Katanga. The draft deed to this land contained none of the provisions about its being used for mission purposes, about its not being sold without government permission, about its reversion for non-occupancy, etc. It was an outright grant with clear title and the land might be disposed of when and to whom and for what the grantee desired, the same clear title presumably passing to the new owner who could then hold or dispose of it at any time or in any way desired.

In one of the documents connected with the grant, Mgr. Sak was described as the apostolic prefect of the Catholic order to which he belongs ; in the others he was not. When the grant came before the colonial council in Brussels for approval a question was raised : was this grant to him personally or to his mission ? The prime and colonial minister replied that it was to him personally, but that his intention was later to make it over to his mission. Despite the fact that such a devious procedure would presumably give the mission an unconditioned title such as it could not itself directly get and such as is against the government's policy to give, the grant passed the colonial council unanimously.

A few weeks later Mgr. Sak, « making, for the purpose of the present contract, election of domicile on the land covered by said contract, » although his residence is really at Elisabethville, again applied for land in his own name, this time for 62 ½ hectares adjacent to the former lot. The price to be paid for the land was Fr 793.75, and the title was as thoroughly clear as in the former case. This matter came before the colonial council on March 21 last and was put over till April 11. On the latter date a discussion took place, of which the following is a translation of the discreet public report :

« A member asked if it was advisable to still further increase by 62 hectares the concessions already granted which had an extent of about 2000 hectares. Had anything been done with the latter ? Besides, this member could not understand the mention of compensation, when it seemed evident that it was to the interest of the grantee to enlarge his holdings and form his concessions into a single block.

« The department replied that the grantee had already made a considerable expenditure for the improvement of the 62 hectares in question.

« Another member recalled that in his opinion it was a dis-service to missions to accord them concessions too extended,

« The project as a whole, however, received a unanimous vote. »

No other reference than that above to « compensation » is made in the printed report before us, so we are left in the dark as to whether some sort of bonus was voted to the grantee along with the clear-title land.

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L'Avenir Colonial Belge, one of the Belgian dailies in Congo, asks a series of questions of the government which so far appear not to have been publicly answered.

One of them, set out at more length by this daily than any of the others, is as to whether the report is true that the government has agreed to build a large school at Coquilhatville for the Roman Catholic mission there ; that the plans for the numerous buildings have been drawn by priests in Belgium unfamiliar with Congo, and so incorporate many features unsuitable for a colonial construction ; that the priests have been entrusted with the purchase of all materials and the erection of the plant with but little or no supervision on the part of the government ; that Fr 7,000,000 have been granted on this head to the Catholic order in question ; and that Fr 3,000,000 have already been placed to its order in bank to spend as it sees best.

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Roman Catholic missions number 457, according to a recent census made by the congregation of the propaganda in Rome, their central governing body. Of these, 115 are in Africa : 16 in north, 52 in west, 17 in east and 30 in south Afrca.

BOOK REVIEWS

Albert, King of the Belgians : By Evelyn Graham, 1929, Dodd Mead & Co., New York, pp .314, $ 5.

Most royal biographies affected the dull velvet finish until Mr. Strachey did his life of Victoria. Everything was just too perfect for anything ; royal faults were practically non-existent ; mistakes — well, what few must needs be chronicled were obviously referable to the stupidity of royalty's advisers, never to royalty. And so on.

Mr. Graham has done too many royal « lives » (the Queen of Spain, Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, etc.) to get entirely away from that method, but he doesn't follow it exclusively. And even Strachey would doubtless have written differently if he had done his penning during the all-pervading life of Queen Victoria rather than a quarter of a century afterwards.

This is imprinted as « an authorized biography, » which gives a particular interest and authority to certain references which we spaces to King Leopold II as it does to Prince Albert, and its last chapter is devoted wholly to him. The picture seems just but un-pretty. The energy, will, remarkable business acumen of Leopold II are set forth excellently and the statement again made, which seems to us undeniable, that had he not been a monarch he must certainly have been a magnate. But his complete family disruption, his deplorable personal life, his almost utter disregard of accepted social conventions which even royalty usually observe, make a far from edifying section of the book. His pronounced dislike of Albert's choice of a wife, his apparent jealousy of his final heir to the throne, and many of the attendant difficulties into which Prince Albert and Princess Elisabeth were consequently placed, are discreetly but unmistakably set forth

The picture of Albert and his queen is very different, and most justly so. The portrayal of their family happiness is extremely attractive. Queen Elisabeth's father, the Duke Carl Theodor of Bavaria, is characterized as the « cleverest royal

doctor the world has known. » In constantly shall note.

The first half, nearly, of the book is devoted to King Albert's pre-coronation days. This section devotes nearly as much assisting him his daughter gained the knowledge of and interest in medecine that are so noteworthy today. When she married Prince Albert and went to live in Brussels her interest turned at once to the poor and afflicted, among whom she and her princely husband were so often to be found.

Leopold died, Albert succeeded, and almost at once the darkening shadow of the world war began to creep upon him and his compact and industrious kingdom. The interplay of events between King Albert and Wilhelm II is fascinatingly told. What a world of difference between those two cousins !

The war came on and Belgium, led by a king who speedily showed himself a soldier, did her heroic best, and more. Driven to the last 20 square miles of Belgian territory, the Belgian army made there a stand of four long and awful years. When November 1918 came, they were still there. And during all those years their king and queen had left those 20 last square miles but once ! In July 1918 they flew for five days to Britain to attend the silver wedding anniversary of King George and Queen Mary. Aside from that they were always « there » — in Belgium, in those last blood-drenched acres.

Those who at this distance in time and space have difficulty in understanding the not infrequent bitter outbreaks of public sentiment in Belgium against Germany even now when several other members of the late allied and associated powers are actively promoting reconciliation, could have their understanding somewhat deepened by the perusal of this book, Brand Whitlock's *Belgium,* and others depicting the actual and terrible experiences of Belgium during those world-may years of 1914-1918.

King Albert's wholly beneficent relationship with the Congo is well described. From the moment he first publicly touched that embittered problem by visiting the colony in 1909 as heir apparent, improvements appeared. His influence and that of his queen, sometimes publicly but more often quietly exercised, is felt always to be on the side of right and for the real best interests of the vast colony and its Native peoples. No matter what the temptations may be to designing politics and grasping commerce in the presence of Congo's yet untold wealth, the royal influence is always powerfully on the side of the Congolese. This together with the innate good sense of the Belgian people has resulted in a code of Congo laws of great excellence. There is also an increasing vigilance concerning the administration of these laws, so that the performance may more and more nearly match the promise ; and in this the knowledge and the influence of the king and queen is a potent factor.

The book has a surprising number of errors, considering its character, in spelling Belgian and French words and names. The statement (p. 61) that Stanley upon his return in 1878 from his historic trip across Africa « had no hesitation in accepting the proposition » of King Leopold II for service under the latter in Africa, is scarcely correct : Stanley hesitated for six months or so, doing his best to get England to put its hand on the Congo ; failing this and bitterly disappointed, he then agreed to Leopold's proposals. The reference (p. 63) to the excellent pioneer services of the members of the British Baptist Missionary Society is accurate but by no means all-inclusive. An extraordinary error occurs (p. 76) when reference is made to Prince Leopold's already having had a son when the book was published ; as all are aware, the king's first and only grandchild then was a charming baby girl. An attempt (p. 296) at a direct quotation from the Bible fails in exactness but preserves the thought.

We are grateful for this book, partly because it is a well-done piece of work ; but more especially because it deals with a man and a king who has the respect and admiration of the world in a rare degree for his honesty, his courage, his purity and his real nobility of life and character.

The Leopard Hunts Alone : By Conway T. Wharton, 1927, Revell, New York, pp. 144, $ 1.25.

The Bushongo, as they call themselves, or the Bakuba, as they are called by their Baluba neighbors, are surely in the first flight of interesting Congo peoples. And the most fascinating ethnological study on Congo yet published in English, in our judgment, concerns them : Mr. Emile Torday's *On the Trail of the Bushongo*. It is an engrossing book, that, done by a man who observes carefully, interprets with knowledge, and writes well.

« The Leopard Hunts Alone » is a sort of oral crest of the reigning king of these people, and this quotation so well known to them is taken by Mr. Wharton, of the American Southern Presbyterian Congo mission, to entitle his book in which he tells of the approach of Christianity to this proud and powerful tribe. The book moves to a climax in its last 40 pages ; we believe nothing in recent missionary history in Congo has had more of the dramatic in it than the events there narrated. And the reader is left with feeling of suspense inherent in all unfinished drama because of the fact that even today after 30 years, it is only a start that has been made toward Christianizing the heart of this haughty and but meagerly accessible kingdom.

Mr. Wharton first runs over some of the remarkable facts concerning the Bushongo tribe : their weaving and carving, their ironwork (no one interested in these should miss seeing the extensive Torday collection in the British museum) ; their government with the memorized biographies of more than a hundred successive kings ; the barbaric splendor of a royal funeral with the lavishly decorated casket 12 × 8 × 6 feet in size — with difficulty carried by 60 men. As a people they are among Congo's most interesting.

The mission established a station, Ibanche, in the outskirts of the kingdom in 1897, but almost at once came the Bushongo rebellion against the government, and the station was burned to the ground.

Soon afterwards the present station of Bulape was opened, nearer the capital city of Mushenge, and siege was and is continued in the name of Christ for the hearts of the Bushongo people and their emancipation from the ugly forces of ignorance and evil which bind them.

There is information and inspiration in this book of Mr. Wharton's, and a look into the vast problem of Congo missions.

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White Africans And Black : By Caroline Singer and Clarence Leroy Baldridge, 1929, W. W. Norton & Co., New York City, $ 10.

Ordinarily one doesn't expect from this type of book — but ordinarily one doesn't expect this type of book at all, so why go on to specify ? For this book is an art-travel creation, elaborate, quite perfect typographically, highly artistic, called by some the most beautiful book of the year in America. What I had in mind to say was that in a book chiefly stressed for its artistic beauty one does not ordinarily expect the letterpress to be up to much. But out of Africa proverbially comes the unexpected. It is so here.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldrige spent over a year slowly moving down Africa, across, and up. And as their present work is largely confined to British West Africa and Liberia it would seem that they have material for future products. Mr. Baldridge, when America joined the allies in France, found himself detailed as art editor of the *Stars and Stripes*, the trench newspaper that worked brilliantly as a morale-guardian of the American troops and defied so many dear traditions of the West Pointers of the 2-star variety and up. After his marriage to Miss Singer who had already showed her literary ability, they traveled through the East and brought out a lavishly-done book, *Turn to the East*. And then they decided on Africa.

Having had some opportunity of leafing through four or five hundred black and white drawings while the Baldridges were still in Africa, I was not surprised to see as beautiful a book as this one is.

But the text that Mrs. Baldridge furnishes to go along with it is a perfect complement to the art work. How often is this not so ! Her insight is keen, her sympathy evident, and some of her sentences are perfect : who knowing the Creole « mammy » of Sierra Leone, massive, stately, billowing smoothly along in layers and layers of out-standing petticoats, would not be struck by the clever characterization of her in this book ?

It was a real feat for Mrs. Baldridge, in fourteen months, to see under the surface as much as she has. Nowhere in the book did I recognize a statement as wild, foundationless, such as those into which so many travel-writers are betrayed. I have had six or eight times as many months on the « Coast » as Mrs. Baldridge, but I have gained from her pen certain lights and shadows unperceived before but unquestionably true.

Her sympathy for and appreciation of Africa and Africans is no less marked and remarkable. It can be accounted for by her insight already mentioned. It is those with eyes dulled and perceptions blunted who rave and spit at Africa and her peoples. Such are in the majority in this world. The Baldridges are with the minority. She paints deftly but clearly the usual white attitude in Africa toward Africans, and then states frankly her own, so different. No one can read her description of the frolics she and her husband had with lovely little African babies without seeing the difference.

The book is beautifully designed. Every page has at least one corner or marginal sketch by Mr. Baldridge and there are full-page drawings in color and double-page spreads of sketches. The artist's true and sympathetic rendering of his subjects matches his wife's. The likenesses I take it are good, as two are of men I knew fifteen years ago — ex-President Barclay and President King of Liberia — whom, despite the ageing of their years, one easily recognizes. The pencilled captions with the pictures are to be commended. The striking cover design is taken from a West Coast « country cloth » pattern.

As art, as literature, as fact, the book is indeed well done. It has a beauty and a truth that will preserve it as a valuable permanent record in years to come of the Africa that is passing away. And it is unique in its field of Africa below the Sudan.

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An Essay in Kongo Phonology : By Dr. K. E. Laman and Prof. Carl Meinhof, English translation by Dr. N. J. van Warmelo, 1929, Dietrich Reimer (Ernest Vohsen) A.-G., Berlin, S.W. 48, pp. 28.

We are accustomed to expect from Dr. Laman meticulous care in observing, recording and clarifying the Kongo dialects, and from Herr Meinhof great precision in phonetics. In the present brochure we have the excellent combination of these two. The essay was originally published in the German Zeitschrift für Eingeborenensprachen, and deals specifically with the phonetic values of the Mazinga or central dialect of the Kongo language, spoken at Mukimbungu.

Among other linguistic contributions which have come out of Dr. Laman's former years of work as a member of the Svenska Missions-förbundet in Congo, are the following four :

Lärobook i Kongospraket (Kibongo), Stockholm, 1912 ;

Grammar of the Kongo Language, New York, 1912 ;

Om Spraket i nedre Kongo, Stockholm, 1907 ;

Musical Accent or Intonation in the Kongo Language, Stockholm, 1922.

Imprimerie de Nessonvaux (Belgique)

Missions Protestantes au Congo

A.B.F.M.S.	American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. Leopoldville, Banza Manteke, Lukunga, Sona Bata, Vanga, Tschumbiri, Ntondo, Moanza, Kikongo sur Wamba.	9
A.G.M.	Assemblies of God Mission. Gombari. Betongwe.	2
A.I.M.	Africa Inland Mission. Ara, Aba, Bafuka, Yakuluku, Dungu, Kacengu, Blukwa, Bogoro, Moto, Aru, Ter Akara, Reti, Todro, Adi, Arua, Zemio, Obo, Djema.	18
A.P.C.M.	American Presbyterian Congo Mission. Luebo, Bulape, Mutoto, Bibanga, Lubondai.	5
B.M.S.	Baptist Missionary Society. San Salvador, Kibokolo, Wathen, Thysville, Kibentele, Leopoldville, Bolobo, Lukolela, Upoto, Yalemba, Yakusu, Yalikina, Stanleyville.	13
C.B.M.	Congo Balobo Mission. (Regions Beyond Missionary Union.) Lolanga, Ikau, Bongandanga, Baringa, Mompono, Yuli, Yoseki, Tamudjumbe.	8
C.B.M.N.A.	Co-operating Baptist Missions of North America (Afrique Equatoriale Française) Fort Sibut, Fort Crampel, Doba, Ft. Archambault, Ippy.	5
C.E.M.	Congo Evangelistic Mission (formerly Pentecostal Mission). Kabondo Dianda, Busangu, Mwanza, Kikondja, Ngoimani, Kisanga, Kasongo Mule, Kipushya, Katenta.	9
C.I.M.	Congo Inland Mission. Charlesville, Kalamba Mukenge, Nyanga, Mukedi.	4
C.&M.A.	Christian and Missionary Alliance. Boma, Lolo, Kinkonzi, Mboka, Vungu, Kwimba.	6
C.M.C.M.E.C.	Congo Mission Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Kapanga, Elisabethville, Kabongo, Likasi-Panda, Kinda, Sandoa.	6
D.C.C.M.	Disciples of Christ Congo Mission. Bolenge, Lotumbe, Monieka, Mondombe, Wema, Coquilhatville.	6
E.S.A.M.	Evangelization Society Africa Mission. Shabunda, Walikale, Kama, Mombwe (near Fundi Sadi), Lubutu.	5
G.E.M.	Garanganze Evangelical Mission (Arnot's Mission). Koni Hill, Kabumbulu, Komeshya, Mulongo, Bunkeya, Muyumba, Muchacha, Kanduke, Kamubangwa, Munene, Nyanama, Kabalo.	12
H.A.M.	Heart of Africa Mission. Bambili, Nala, Niangara, Poko, Deti, Wamba, Ilambi, Bomili, Misa.	9
L.M.	Luanza Mission. Luanza.	1
M.B.D.	Mission Baptiste Danoise. Musema.	1
M.B.N.	Mission Baptiste Norvegienne. Bondo, Monga.	2
M.B.S.	Mission Baptiste Suedoise (Afrique Equatoriale Française). Matele, Bania, Bilolo, Gamboula.	4
M.E.C.M.	Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission (South). Wembo Niama, Minga, Tunda.	3
M.E.U.	Mission Evangelique de l'Ubangi. Karawa, Tandala, Kala.	3
M.L.S.	Mission Libre Suedoise. Uvira, Nia Magira, Machumbi-Masisi.	3
M.N.	Mission Norvegienne. Nia Kaziba, Kakwende.	2
M.O.C.	Mission Oubangui-Chari (Afrique Equatoriale Française). Bassay, Yaloke, Bellevue.	3
S.B.M.	Svenska Baptist Missionen. Bendela, Semendua, Boswe.	3
S.B.M.P.	Societe Belge de Missions Protestantes. Kirinda, Iremera, Rubengera.	3
S.M.F.	Svenska Missions-forbundet (Mission Suédoise). Congo Belge : Londe (Matadi), Mukimbungu, Kibunzi, Kinkenge, Kingoyi, Sundi Lutete ; Afrique Equatoriale Française : Brazzaville, Masimu, Madzia, Musana, Kolo, Indo, Loubetzi, Maduma.	14
W. M.	Westcott Mission. Inkongo, Baka Mbuli, Mitombe, Lusambo.	4
K.E.T.I.	Evangelical Training Institute (A.B.F.M.S. et B.M.S) Kimpese.	1